

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## THE FRONT PAGE

THE Dominion elections will take place on Monday, and the agony will be over. Although it is likely that the Laurier Government will pull through, yet the ministry has sustained such a scare and has faced such a struggle as nobody would have thought possible a year ago. Popular confidence in the Laurier administration has been severely shaken, owing to one revelation after another of the failure of some ministers who may have been honest and of some others who may not, to protect the national treasury and the public domain, against the plundering hands of political favorites.

It is all very well for the newspapers supporting the Government to denounce these charges as election scandals. Of course they are election scandals. It is all very well for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to deplore the determination of his opponents to talk scandal, and to say that his soul revolts at the discussion of such subjects. Other men's souls are sensitive, too. Every good citizen must regret the miserable showing this country has made before the world in the political campaign now drawing to a close. All earnest men must regret the violence of language indulged in by prominent speakers on both sides. It is regrettable that leading men should, in public debate, be called liars; it is much more regrettable that in public debate, leading men should be liars. It is deplorable that public men should be accused of graft; but much more deplorable that they should be guilty of graft. It is the offence, not the exposure of it, that we should deplore.

No doubt much of the scandal talk is exaggerated, but without question there has been easy money at Ottawa for a lot of smooth workers, and altogether such a condition of affairs as no Liberal expected when the party triumphantly entered office a dozen years ago. That fight was won in 1896, not that Tory McGreevey's might be forced to make way for Grit McGreevey's, or that lands in the West might be gobbled by Grit, instead of Tory, camp-followers. The people who threw out one Government in 1896 and set up another, were led to expect that the public domain was no longer to be thieved nor public contracts manipulated for the enrichment of those whose scheme of life is to prey on the resources of the country. Yet, who that knows the conditions that have prevailed at Ottawa for four or five years past, does not know in his heart that conditions have been little, if any, better than they were fourteen years ago? The Liberal speaker will say they are vastly better; the Conservative speaker will say they are infinitely worse—both know they are pretty much the same. The zeal that made the Laurier Government strong at first, has spent itself, as it spends itself in all administrations too long secure in office. Although the scandals alleged against the administration have been exaggerated in the telling, yet it is evident enough that the kind of men who hang around all public treasuries looking for weak watchmen, have not waited in vain at Ottawa, although their wait was a fairly long one.

There have been land deals in the West, which, although capable of fair-sounding explanation, are found to have yielded fortunes to politicians. One may think this or that of the explanations, but the huge cash profits went to favored persons, not into the national treasury. That much is beyond dispute. Why should the nation sell land to A for \$5,000 which B is willing to pay \$100,000 for, and does pay that sum for, as soon as A has acquired it? Is there any explanation of such transactions that believers in honest government can accept?

Perhaps Contractor Mayes of St. John is not what he should be, yet, this much seems clear that George McAvity secured a rake-off of nearly \$36,000 on a dredging contract, for doing little else in connection with it beyond introducing Mayes to Hon. C. S. Hyman. Is there much of this? Do long spoons take the cream off other contracts in this way?

WITHOUT reviewing the numerous scandals it is enough to say that the popular mind is filled with misgivings. If Mr. Borden in this campaign had lieutenants as blameless as himself, it is probable that he would carry the country. But he has some lieutenants who are shepherds of liars as aspirants for the country's confidence. For instance, why turn out Mr. Pugsley in order to hand over his keys to Mr. Fowler? Or why look for improvement in turning out Mr. Fielding to make room for Mr. Foster? In a word, the Conservative party is unready for office. Its leader had no suspicion that he could succeed at this time, and was merely keeping in line for the vacancy when Sir Wilfrid should step aside. But he is all eagerness just now as he sees the way open to him unexpectedly.

But how can the way open when a country in its disquiet finds both the leader of the Government and the leader of the Opposition supported on the right hand and the left, by men of precisely the same stamp? As the Montreal Star puts it, the country at this moment "should have an alternative to the party in power." No alternative offers. It may be that Mr. Borden, once in office, would cast aside those men of smirched reputation, who with soiled hands and smiles they can scarce conceal, applaud his denunciation of graft, yet how is the country to know that he would do so—where is the evidence that he is strong enough to do so?

This country sadly needs a political leader with no other creed than the simple one that every man must get a square deal. He needs to be a man of plain speech, blunt, honest, under no delusion that he is a heaven-sent genius. He should be a man who will call a spade a spade and a thief a thief on the floor of Parliament. He should be a man who would cheerfully lose office rather than self-respect, and who would not allow a great party under his leadership to be ruined by the greed of his lieutenants. He should be a man with a

the work is that he is to finish. It is not the building of a transcontinental railway, for the revenues are doing that, and almost anybody could pour them out to secure that end. It is not in anything of a material nature that his government has undertaken, for any ministry, with a swelling revenue, could expand the National machinery as demanded by necessity and public opinion.

There is a sense, however, in which Sir Wilfrid was an unfinished work. He is the first son of Quebec to

own lieutenants; he has parted with those who tired him, and those who crossed his will. Is he, then, going to miss his true place in history by allowing misgovernment to flourish about him, so long as misdeeds are done by persons who are agreeable to him and always deferential as they come with their buckets and depart with their swag? Or is he, after gaining all the conquests that partisanship can yield him, after using the frailties and vices of his age to gain control in his time, after playing politics with all the skill of Sir John, on a larger board and with higher stakes—is he going to "come to himself" and finish the work he began when he brought zeal for good government into the Parliament buildings with him in 1896? Sir Wilfrid Laurier must be heartily sick of this wretched campaign, with one scandal following another and a thousand greeds jostling his path for a smile. He must be heartily sick of the supposed necessity that drives him to countenance this mad haste to get free rural mail delivery under way in time to influence votes; the broad hints offered constituencies of favors to come; the boasts made of favors got for constituencies by followers of his; the whole dishonorable structure on which an honorable man must—or feels that he must—stand as if he approved it all.

If he should pull through, as no doubt he will, why not end it all? Why not have such a ministry as he would like to lead? Why not put the administration of this country's affairs on such a basis that the hand of a statesman will have left its mark on the times? It could be done. It is late to begin, but it could be done.

SOME of these days the authorities of Toronto University will find it necessary to expel half a dozen young men from that institution, and perhaps ruin their lives, in order to convince the multitude of students that rowdiness must not be carried too far. President Falconer has advised the students with much good sense; he has cautioned them with excellent patience; but they will probably go their way until a score of them get clubbed into jail and eight or ten suffer expulsion and bear through life the burden of all.

It is a pity to disturb Mayor Oliver's enjoyment of the idea that he has solved the difficulty of dealing with the students should they go on the rampage on Halloween. He says he will have the firemen out to turn the hose on the students should they attempt to make a disturbance. The reporters for the daily papers like to hear him say it, and hasten to print it every time. It is rather injudicious talk on the Mayor's part. The hose, when sprung as a surprise on a body of students in a narrow hall-way is rather effective, but if Mayor Oliver wants to challenge two thousand students to wrestle in the open street with a hundred firemen for possession of such hose lengths as the city cares to risk in the contest, he should not brag in the newspapers but send a written challenge to 'Varsity. No doubt it would be accepted.

Mayor Oliver has never been to the wars. He should not talk strategy. As Chief Magistrate he should rely on law and right. If it proves that the students are not intelligent beings capable of adjusting themselves to the necessities of civilization, the worst among them should be identified and prosecuted, and their expulsion asked in the name of the people who support the University as a seat of learning, not as a source of disorder.

IT is said that Sir Frederick Borden may be defeated in his constituency. It will be an amazing thing if he is re-elected after the accusations that have been made against him in print, and in face of which he has remained silent.

WHAT we seem to need, more than anything else in Canadian politics, or as a preliminary to much else, is an uprising of young men in both parties, against the notion that a seat in Parliament belongs for life to the man who once carries it. When a man has once got his feet under a desk at Ottawa, he feels that he must return there all his life, unless the electors of his constituency get so tired of him that they go over to a political opponent. Even then, should his party be in power, he expects an office or a seat in the Senate. If his party be in opposition, he expects to contest one election after another, to recover his seat. In some cases a man may go back to his home county after twenty-five years and find pretty much the same men, with shaking hands, thrusting and guarding, in political duel, as were engaged in the strife when he went away. In such a case, one reflects that it must have been a pretty dull business for those who have been looking on during that quarter of a century.

When a man is elected to Parliament, the view should be that his constituency has conferred on him an honor, and entrusted him with a duty. If he merely sits in his seat and votes with his party, it is a service that any man in the riding could render. Because a man has won in one election should not entitle him to nomination next time; the party may be so strong that any nominee could win. The nominating conventions should not be the cut and dried things they are, and young men under thirty and forty should have a great deal more to say and do in the control of politics than they have. There is, perhaps, no greater stumbling block to good government at Ottawa, no more hopelessly discouraging person to encounter when you are advocating a measure of reform, than an "experienced" member of Parliament. He is a

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- 5 - MR. W. F. MLEAN AND PARTY
- 6 - MR. ELIAS ROGERS, MR. JOHN ROGERS
- 7 - OVER THE JUMPS



PHOTOS BY A. A. GLEASON



MR. SCHEIBE ON VIKING, MR. JOHN ROGERS ON FINN McCool, MR. HODGSON ON SIR YUSSUF, MR. ALF. ROGERS ON HEATHER BELL.

## AT THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB RACES

real belief in the people, not a shammed faith in them—not a faith shammed while seeking to get their support by appeals to what is worst in them, and by tricks to outwit them—not buying minorities here and hoodwinking majorities there, or by any such means gliding and winding through the terrors of an insincere public life, but striding along upright to the end of his days, and to his place in history, where he would, indeed, be conspicuous.

MUCH is said about Sir Wilfrid Laurier being allowed to finish his work. At this moment the Prime Minister is in himself the chief strength of the Liberal party. He appeals to the imagination of Canadians everywhere. Only one other man ever had a similar influence over the popular mind, and most will agree with the statement that while the Old Chieftain enjoyed the most intense loyalty of his followers, he drew the ill-will of his opponents throughout the country in a way that Sir Wilfrid does not do. However, if Sir Wilfrid is to be permitted to finish his work, it is timely to consider what

become a national figure. He is the first French-Canadian Roman Catholic to occupy the Premiership, and it would be an excellent thing if he could finish his career in such a way as to convince people in all the provinces, of all races and religions, that he deserves the favorable verdict of the whole Dominion. It would be a good thing for his own people if he could do this, making it easier for others among them to acquire wide influence. It would be a good thing for the whole Dominion, as it would tend to turn the mind of Quebec from the provincial to the national view. Already we have seen racial distrust in so far as he is concerned, sink and almost entirely disappear. But Sir Wilfrid must know that if he looks into something just now that seems more like the face of defeat than he cares to see, it is not because of race or creed considerations at all, but because the principles of common honesty and decent morality have been flagrantly violated by many who surround him and whom he has not had the courage to turn adrift. Men have not been forced on him. He has chosen his



man without an enthusiasm. He is afraid to dare anything. No matter what you propose, he sees nothing ahead but difficulties. He will not call his soul his own without the sanction of a minister, or a party sub-leader. He ascribes to the wisdom of experience, the tame, harness-broke way in which he jogs along, doing nothing, favoring no good measure, opposing no bad one, unless under guidance of the party whip, or under persuasion of a licensed and fully authorized corporation lobbyist. He becomes part of the machine, hopelessly given to turning in his groove and nothing more. When a man of intellect and spirit looks about him in the House, he soon learns that he can do nothing with his fellow members, unless he shoulders to the front and, as one of the party leaders, uses them as other men do. It is to be hoped that on Monday there will be elected a lot of new men, not imbued with the Ottawa tradition that free speech is fatal, and not ready to accept the old member's creed: "What's the use?"

Do you remember the portraits you used to see of Gladstone, Disraeli, John Bright, of Lincoln and Washington? Do you recall the portraits of Sir John Macdonald, with his finger laid thoughtfully against his cheek, and his bearing that of a grave thinker pondering the problems of his country? The statesman used to adopt the pose of dignity. In all the portraits of Lincoln we never see him as the jester, the waggish story-teller, but always as the sad-faced student of his country's ills. All this is changed. In this era of levity we recognize the statesman by his broad grin. He is one of the boys. He is a good fellow. "Have you heard his latest?" Pictures of Taft and Bryan, wearing broad grins, are in every newspaper in the United States, while pictures of Laurier and Borden, their faces hidden behind beaming smiles, are circulating everywhere in Canada. Aren't they the jolly fellows? There appears to be some doubt as to which is the jollier, and which can tell the funnier story?

Sir John was a genial, joky man and a great success in politics, while Edward Blake was of severe countenance, and failed to carry the country with him. Perhaps the dimpling smiles of present day politicians date from that period. Perhaps the change is largely due to the activities of newspaper photographers, who snap statesmen, when and how they please, as would not have been done in earlier days. But people throughout the country must be wondering what the mischief our statesmen are laughing at. Surely not at the people!

PRINCE RUPERT'S weekly paper, The Empire, gives an account of a meeting held there to consider ways and means whereby white men and women can be protected from the necessity of working beside and in competition with Asiatics. The gathering is described as the largest indoor meeting so far held in the town, although at present there are but fifteen Chinese and five Japanese in the place. The newspaper report does not mention the name of anyone at the meeting, and the speakers are referred to by number only. For instance, the "first speaker" urged that the Asiatics should be disposed of by the purchase of any property they may hold, after which they should be given a certain length of time to leave town, never to return. The "fifth speaker" advocated the putting of all Asiatics and their effects on board steamer for Vancouver with fares paid, and warning them to stay away. The "chairman" related his experience in connection with attempts to exclude Asiatics from districts in the Kootenay. In one case, after a mill had been built, the owners sent in yellow men to operate it; they were driven out, and the owners refused to run the mill. In the other case the coolies were driven away twice, but came back a third time, escorted by a chief constable, an agent of the provincial government, and a magistrate with authority to install the mill-hands by force. It was done, and the Asiatics are still running the mill. Therefore "the chairman" did not favor driving men out who could be brought back supported by law. He favored, rather, a banding together of white people to neither employ nor deal with yellow men, or those who employ or deal with them.

Another speaker then informed the meeting that there was an organization in Prince Rupert that made no noise but attended strictly to business, and which all present were invited to join. It is known as The Society of White Pioneers, and on the oath of membership being read over, one hundred of those present took the oath, so that the society has now a membership in Prince Rupert of one hundred and fifty. The oath is as follows:

"That I am opposed to the admission of Asiatic Coolie Laborers into Canada and that I will not employ Asiatic Coolie Laborers as long as I am a resident of or doing business in Comox-Atlin district."

"That I will not vote for any candidate for an elective municipal, provincial, or Dominion office in said district who employs Asiatic Coolie Laborers, and who will not openly declare that he is opposed to the immigration of Asiatic Coolies, and that if elected he will on every occasion vote for their exclusion from Canada and oppose their employment on any civil, provincial, or Dominion work within said district."

It is explained in the Prince Rupert paper that "the Society of White Pioneers has no officers; has no expenses whatever; holds no meetings; makes no noise; makes no threats."

Men who were ready to take hold and forcibly drive out the Asiatics by packing them aboard an out-going steamer, took the oath and joined this society instead—this society which has no officers, holds no meetings, makes no threats. As seen from this distance this organization looks like one that would spread, owing to the air of mystery it wears and the appeal it makes to the imagination. Is it not probable that meetings will be held presently, and that the direction of affairs will fall into the hands of officers unknown to outsiders? Such has been the history of similar organizations in many parts of the world.

Although SATURDAY NIGHT is heartily with those who advocate a white Canada and squarely opposed to the admission of inferior races however useful they may be to some interests at the present stage of the country's development, yet those who resist the Asiatic influx should take a lesson from human experience and be careful about launching secret agencies of which unwise and violent men are likely to secure control. At present the Society of White Pioneers is innocent enough, but it has in it the makings of an agency far from innocent, and one which in rash hands could estrange public opinion. In it, from the start, will be some men, to it will flock others, who will favor the use of force, not content with inaction, and will want to post warnings, and instil a dread of what a mysterious power may do if its will is crossed. This kind of talk may seem very premature to those in Prince Rupert who have joined this society, but it is better to speak too early than too late, and the history of the Southern States shows that where race pre-

## AN ALSO-RAN

By James P. Haverson.

"An also-ran," 'tis thus we mark his name,  
A beaten failure and a thing of shame.  
No boon for him, nor any word of praise;  
There stands the blot on all his future days,  
A bar across the open way to fame.  
"What was the cause?" We class them all the same,  
Nor count his weight, nor mark that he was lame.  
What is this thing on which we scornful gaze?

An also-ran.

Withhold the curse; go slowly to proclaim  
This runner with your easy word of blame!  
Lift the reproach, the ban of censure raise—  
Then let me read his virtue in your phrase;  
Remember, friend, that he has played the game—  
He also ran.

judice blossoms into a secret society, rash men, under safe cover, soon carry it to lengths nobody had in mind at first. MACK.

A GREAT row is promised in connection with the polling in East and West Algoma, where, as the Conservatives say, hundreds of men were registered improperly, not having been in those ridings before Aug. 1. Attorney-General Foy announces that he will have twenty-five special constables on hand to arrest for perjury those who attempt to vote without having had the necessary residence qualification. This The Globe denounces as intimidation and in fiery and unusual language counsels the Algoma voters to resist and drive out the agents of the Attorney-General. The Star, however, has a special despatch from Ottawa saying that it was agreed by a special board of judges that nobody should be entitled to registration in such riding unless resident there before August 1. "It is said," pursues the despatch, "that some of the enumerators have not adhered to this spirit in East and West Algoma." The matter is being investigated, The Star says, and steps will be taken to see that the August 1 qualification is carried out at the polls. If so, we may hope that the Attorney-General's forces and The Globe's readers will not resort to civil war on Monday.

W. F. MACLEAN, M.P., has been elected to represent South York without a contest. He has not taken sides in the present campaign, nor has his newspaper, The World. Just what is the meaning of the deep, continued and unnatural silence of Mr. Maclean we may expect to see explained in his newspaper the morning after the elections.

A CLERGYMAN in St. John, N.B., denounced from his pulpit last Sunday night a political placard displayed about the city in which Hon. Mr. Pugsley says: "St. John must be ready, and with God's help and mine, it will be." The placard is, indeed, a stupid piece of irreverence and brag.

WHILE the lesson, "The Children's Hour" was being taken up the other day in one of the schools in Woodstock, the teacher asked the children if any of them knew anything about Longfellow.

The class remained silent for a moment, and then one little fellow raised his hand.

"Please," he said, "he's the fastest runner in the world."

IN his daily paper, the Calgary News, Dan McGillicuddy has got after the Calgary Eye-Opener in dead earnest. He threatens copious doses of their own medicine to all who, in his opinion, are responsible for the publication of that weekly, and newspapers in the West are discussing pro and con the merits of this warfare. The one point apparent to us is the inevitability of it. He who lives by the sword shall perish by it, or, as the moderns have it, two can play at most any kind of game. It was certain that sooner or later somebody would go after the Eye Opener in its own manner, and tender payment in the coin it circulates. Whether right or wrong, then, the attack on Mr. Edwards must be regarded as one that was sure to come. In one sense the Eye Opener is a natural product of the times—exposing rascalities and immoralities that most journals refuse to discuss and which politicians unite to conceal. But it is work for a man with the zeal and character of a John Knox. Mr. McGillicuddy says Mr. Edwards is quite another kind of man, that his paper merely revels in indecency, and he proposes to fight the weekly until he puts it out of business.

THE Canadian is without a sense of humor, and is a kind of seventeenth century Englishman, says a correspondent of the London Times. Is it not curious how one people accuse others of being deficient in the sense of humor? The English have long made this charge against the Scotch, and all races have made it against the English. The truth is that the sense of humor expresses itself differently in different people, but Canadians will be found to have sufficient of the real thing to appreciate this accusation in such a journal as the London Times.

## Origin of "Canada."

MISS MACPHERSON in her book, "Scenic Sieges and Battlefields of French Canada," gives her version of the supposition that early Spanish navigators exclaimed on landing upon the then unpromising shore of Canada, "Aca Nada"—"nothing here"—hence the name Canada.

"An objection to this etymology," says a writer in The New York Times, "is that the Spanish 'aca' is not 'here,' in the sense used, but rather 'hither,' while 'aqui' is 'here' or 'hereabouts.' Moreover, unless written down at the time, the expression would hardly have been preserved. Neither does the Indian word 'Kannatha'—a collection of huts—you cite as the commonly accepted original form of 'Canada,' seem very satisfactory."

"However, the name is very like Spanish, if pronounced with the middle syllable accented, and anyone familiar with old Spanish maps and early Spanish map-making will find it a more reasonable supposition, which

also has its adherents, that 'Tierra Canada'—'land canyoned or gullied'—or 'Tierra de la Canada'—'land of the valley or gorge' (of the St. Lawrence or some other river entering the gulf of that name)—was noted on the map of an early historic Spanish voyage from the West Indies up the Atlantic coast, and into the Gulf of St. Lawrence to find a north-west passage.

"Such original and authoritative maps were properly held to be of great value, and, when copied for subsequent navigators, the notes made upon them became part of the new maps, and thus the nomenclature was perpetuated."

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, whose latest work, "The Age of Shakespeare," has just been published, has a great dislike to being interviewed, and he will go to almost any length to avoid being cornered by a gentleman of the Press. Some time ago, however, (says M.A.P.) an enterprising journalist determined to obtain some "copy" from him at all costs, and waited on Wimbledon Common at a spot where he knew the poet would pass on his daily walk. Presently Mr. Swinburne made his appearance, and the exultant scribe approached him in his most persuasive manner. For a moment Mr. Swinburne was too dismayed to answer, and feeling that at his age flight was impossible, he was nonplussed how to act. Suddenly an idea occurred to him, and he said: "My friend, I see by your lips that you are talking, but as I am stone deaf, I cannot hear what you say. I will, therefore, wish you good morning." The little ruse was entirely successful, and with a disappointed look the crestfallen interviewer departed to think out another article.

MR. W. J. FRASER, of Calgary, having written to SATURDAY NIGHT regretting the tendency of Western papers to exaggerate population and the growth of settlement, and calling in question some estimates of development quoted in these columns from The Daily Albertan, The Calgary Herald replies to our correspondent. Mr. Fraser in his letter gave the present population of Calgary as 17,400 or less. "A police census of about a year ago," says The Herald, "showed the city to contain 22,000 people, and the present population is acknowledged to be at least 24,000." Mr. Fraser disputed the statement that the area under cultivation in Alberta had doubled since the inauguration of the province. It had but increased 40 per cent, he said. The Herald quotes the returns from the Department of Agriculture for last year and the estimate for this, showing that the increase is practically one hundred per cent. Mr. Fraser having said that the population of Alberta had not doubled since inauguration, but had only increased from 160,000 to 208,000, The Herald quotes provincial officials as claiming that the present population is 275,000, which if not double, is nearly so. This much is clear, Calgary and Alberta have made great advancement in three years.

THE Aberdeen authorities have refused to prosecute in a case where a bomb was sent to a young lady as a wedding present, and their action seems well-advised. Clearly, if all the senders of unsuitable wedding gifts are to be prosecuted, our prisons would be unduly filled, and a custom which, in intention, is admirable would receive a blow from which it would scarcely recover.—The By-stander.

A GOOD old soul from the country was visiting some of her relatives in Toronto for the first time and they took her down town on a Monday to see the large department stores. The jostling crowds were new to her. "My!" she exclaimed, "such crowds of women—and on wash day, too!"

PRINCE RUPERT, the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific, is a very youthful town, but some idea of the way in which it is expanding may be gathered from the fact that there are already 91 places doing business of some sort or other, including a large number of general and special stores, seven hotels, six lodging-houses, six restaurants, one boarding-house, and three "wheelbarrow expresses." There are also one bank, one printing office, two lawyers, three doctors, four churches, and five "real estate and insurance offices."

GEORGE W. FOWLER was greeted with deafening cheers and was bodily carried through the streets at the head of a torch-light procession in his home town the other night, says the Mail and Empire. That's what's the matter with the Conservative party at the present time. Its heroes are strangely out of keeping with its heroics.

A LEPER in Wellington, New Zealand, has been discharged from hospital after seven months. He is said to have been cured by injections of the leprosy bacillus.

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**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., LIMITED**  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

# THE INVESTOR

## TORONTO MONTREAL



MONTREAL, OCT. 22.  
THE stock of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company has now reached the highest selling figure of its existence—upwards of 108—all on the news that the Canadian Light and Power Co., better known, perhaps, as the Robert Syndicate, has been unable to finance itself, and therefore calls off its ten year contract with the city, and retires from business for an indefinite period, perhaps for all time to come. Meantime the big holders of Power stock, such as H. S. Holt, the Forgets, Sir Montague Allan, Senator Mackay and McLea Walbank, are all jubilant. The electric monopoly has again got the entire community just where it wants it, Mayor Payette, a really competent, painstaking official, frankly confesses that the great city of Montreal and its four hundred thousand people can do nothing but pay outrageous tribute to this monopoly until such time as the Provincial Legislature releases us from its clutches. In other words, the Power Co. has, at the present moment, such far-reaching exclusive privileges in and about the city of Montreal that the corporation itself is absolutely helpless until the Legislature revokes these privileges (one could hardly call them rights), and gives back to the citizens a portion, at least, of their rightful possessions. In the interval up and up to the very limit go the prices for electrical power and light. The city under its present contract is paying \$60 per year for each arc light, this contract expiring on the first of the year 1909. The Power Company now says that it must have \$75 in place of \$60, and, of course, it will be paid, else the city's streets will be in darkness. The city says we want to take down these disfiguring and dangerous overhead wires, and the Power Company replies that the city can go to the devil. The wires are up by an act of the Legislature, and there they will stay. The city protests against having its streets torn up anywhere and everywhere as the Power Company sees fit, without even asking so much as by your leave, and the Power Company retorts that their powers are such that they can tear up the thoroughfares just as they like and the city cannot interfere.

It often makes one stop and wonder if our "popular" form of government is, after all, such a success.

William of Germany may have his failings, but no one ever trod on the people's rights in the city of Berlin as the Power Company is able to do in the city of Montreal. And for what reason? To make a small coterie of rich men richer out of a stock which intrinsically is not worth ten cents on the dollar. That is to say, the plants of the Power Company could to-day be duplicated for its bond issues and a very little more, and therefore the seventeen millions of common stock, selling around \$108, is a species of "good will," really the property of the citizens, presented to a monopoly by a good-hearted Legislature in the form of special privileges, and which, according to the reading of the Power Company's own literature, can be exercised in perpetuity.

If any centre of civilized society can duplicate this condition of affairs they should be heard from.

Lt.-Col. Jeffrey H. Burland has given the sum of \$50,000 to the Montreal Tuberculosis League. Col. A. Burland Burland is the only son of the late G. B. Burland, who will be remembered best, perhaps, as the old-time printer of Government

notes and the man who backed the Lachine Rapids Hydraulic and Land Company with his millions, which corporation was eventually sold out to the Power monopoly. G. B. Burland was a business man first, last and all the time, and it is down on the records that no one ever got the best of him. That he was successful is evinced from the fact that he died immensely wealthy, but as wills are not necessarily admitted to public probate in the Province of Quebec, the exact amount of his estate will probably never be known outside of his immediate family. It is estimated by those who should know, however, at between nine and ten millions. A curious thing in connection with Mr. Burland's will was that McLea Walbank was made one of the executors. Under ordinary circumstances this would not appear out of the ordinary, for every Montrealese knows that the vice-president and general manager of the Power Company is a shrewd business man, and no one should have known it better than G. B. Burland, for it was Mr. Walbank who originated the idea of harnessing the Lachine Rapids, and which, as noted above, was put through with the Burland money. However, matters did not always run smoothly between G. B. Burland and McLea Walbank. In the latter part of the Lachine Company's existence there were two factions in the corporation, one headed by Mr. Burland and the other by Mr. Walbank. Each was afraid that the other would sell to the Power Company, and neither was absolutely sure of the necessary fifty-one per cent. of the stock. Therefore both sides were on pins and needles in fear that the other might dispose of a majority interest, leaving the remainder out in the cold. The matter was finally adjusted by an outsider stepping in and so negotiating the sale that all stockholders were protected equally. In the weeks which preceded this sale, however, what Messrs. Burland and Walbank said about each other was at times scarcely fit for print. They were both what might be called strenuous men, and what was said in the heat of this financial battle was afterward forgiven and forgotten. The elder Burland was short, stout and aggressive; his son, Lt.-Col. Burland, is tall, thin and retiring in manner; and having the wealth, time and inclination, is more given to quiet pursuits. Interested in the stamping out of the white plague he gives freely to McGill University, endowing a chair of music with much needed funds.

Unlike most of the transportation companies on the continent, the coming statement of the Richelieu R. and O. and Ontario Navigation Company will show a net increase in earnings, as compared with the season of 1907. This is largely attributable to the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec, for that got the people coming this way to the great benefit of the R. & O. There will be no increase in dividend, however, the surplus earnings going toward new equipment.

TORONTO, OCT. 22.

UNLIKE the past few years, at this particular season, the financial situation in Canada is steadily gaining strength. Another large increase in the reserves of chartered banks is reported for September. We doubt if ever our banks had as large a proportion of cash in their vaults as compared with liabilities as they have at

present. It is said that business shows some signs of betterment, but we must acknowledge that last month's bank statement reflects no change in the way of improvement. However this may be, the feeling is one of hopefulness, and more general activity may come before long. With the elections out of the way, and with a fifth of the big wheat crop marketed, the outlook is not bad. If business were any way active, there would be no 5 per cent. call rate for money to brokers. This comparatively low rate in Toronto is due to the large accumulation of money by the banks, with a corresponding liquidation in commercial loans. No doubt the statement is true that the banks are "carrying" along many houses that have found collections poor, but this state of affairs will improve as a result of an increased demand from the consumer. This is a time when discrimination is necessary, and while the money supply is plentiful, only houses of A1 credit seem to be successful in their borrowings. From the large reduction in the commercial loans of most of our banks, one would imagine that the banker's profits would diminish, but this is not true in every instance. The Molsons Bank has issued a statement covering a year's business ending with 30th. This is the period in which banks were mostly affected by the trade depression. But notwithstanding this general condition, the profits of the Molsons Bank were larger than ever. The profits were \$612,000 as against \$544,038 in 1907, and \$434,668 in 1906. The deposits are on a parity with last year, those bearing interest being \$20,527,063 as compared with \$19,443,582 last year. Current loans are practically the same as a year ago, so that the bank's business has been on a normal keel. The earnings were over 18.2 per cent., as compared with 16.9 per cent. the previous year. The report is a most encouraging one, and comes in the nature of a surprise.

The above favorable statement of a bank during a period of considerable depression will have a good influence on market values. The trading in local bank stocks has shown a little more activity, but there has not been any appreciable advancement in prices. Bank of Toronto stock has done better, and there has also been some improvement in Dominion, Imperial, Hamilton and Traders. All of these stocks are still cheap; they net the investor at current prices from 5 to 5 1/2 per cent. There are not likely to be any new banks established in the near future; and the old ones, with the development of the country's resources, will participate in the financial benefits to be derived therefrom. With the gradual increase in trade and commerce, which is to be expected right away, slightly firmer rates for money are not improbable. Across the line a hardening of the money market is already noticed, due largely to the movement of crops. The Bank of England discount rate is still 2 1/2 per cent., and for the week this institution, as well as the Bank of France and Imperial Bank of Germany, made a strong statement of condition. Twenty weeks have now elapsed since there was a change in the Bank of England's discount rate. This is the greatest length of time that one rate has been maintained without change since April 5, 1906, when the rate was lowered to 3 1/2 per cent. after 4 had been the minimum for twenty-seven weeks.

According to the September bank returns, the deposits in Canadian banks on the 30 of that month were \$11,041,000 greater than on the 30th of September of last year. The largest increase, however, was in the deposits of agencies outside Canada. Aggregate deposits in Canada at that date were \$593,540,000, an increase of \$3,323,000 the past twelve months, while the total deposits in our banks having agencies outside Canada were \$68,071,000, or an increase of \$7,752,000 during the same period. In consequence of the general liquidation in business, the banks' current discounts in Canada have fallen to \$516,960,000, a reduction of \$61,247,000. The discounts of our banks outside Canada, on the other hand, increased \$1,200,000 in the twelve months. The increase of \$1,572,000 in "call" loans for the month of September was due to easier money, but the volume of these loans, \$41,084,000, is \$6,214,000 less than the loans outstanding a year ago. The improved position of the banks may be readily seen when a comparison is made with a year ago. The aggregate deposits on September 30 last were \$661,610,000 as compared with \$650,569,000 a year ago, an increase of \$11,041,000. On the other hand the aggregate loans and discounts on September 30 were \$644,973,000 as compared with \$714,458,000, a decrease of \$69,485,000 the past twelve months. The note circulation of the banks in September increased \$5,856,000, whereas, for the same month of last year there was a decrease of \$2,892,000. At the end of last month, the aggregate outstanding circulation of the banks was \$19,000,000 below paid-up capital, so that there is little likelihood of these banks finding it necessary to resort to the expediency of taking out "emergency" circulation this year.

The long-expected boom in Mackay common helped some of the traders out. At the advance there was profit-taking, but as the dividend declaration is still some time away, there are yet chances for occasional rallies in price. The common at one time was 5 points above the preferred, and at 75 the stock, on a 4 per cent. basis, returns the investor 5.33 per cent. The talk is that shareholders will before long get dividends at the rate of 5 per cent. There appears to be some movement on in Toronto Electric Light shares, the stock selling up to 125, the highest price of the year. The basis of the buying is not quite clear, but the company seem satisfied that they have a valuable franchise. Some re-action has taken place in Canadian Pacific, with dealing more restricted. The company continues to show an increasing earning power, with indications that gross receipts for October will be half a million over those of the same month of last year. An enterprising journalist in London, with an eye to the Canadian Pacific reserve fund, has been figuring out its value to the shareholders, if and when transferred to the capital account. The fact is indicative of the extremely bullish view regarding our railways which are so generally held in London. Public

**BANK OF HAMILTON**

**Dividend Notice**

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of 2 1/2 per cent. (10 per cent. per annum) on the Paid Up Capital of the Bank, for the quarter ending 30th November, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on 1st December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 23rd to 30th November, both inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office, Hamilton, on Monday, 18th January, 1909, at 12 o'clock noon. By order of the board.

**J. TURNBULL,**  
General Manager.  
Hamilton, 19th October, 1908.

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**MONEY ORDERS**

at low rates for any sum up to \$50. Safe and convenient.

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The Rest Room in connection with the Women's Department of this Bank is for the use of visitors to the City as well as for our women customers. It is a pleasant place for meeting friends or holding a short business conference.

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MONEY ORDERS  
FOREIGN DRAFTS  
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

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MARKS, RUBLES, LIRES, KRONEN, ETC.

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**\$1.00** OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF **\$1.00**

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Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits ..... \$1,241,632.26

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French Chiffon  
Broadcloth Gowns,  
in all the up-to-date  
shades. Prices rang-  
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wards, and made to  
your order on short  
notice.

**MacKay**  
101 YONGE STREET





## IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 75

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 p.c.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st October, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, the 2nd day of November next.

THE TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the 17th to the 31st October, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,  
D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 23rd September, 1908.



King Edward Hotel  
Toronto



EVENING HOSIERY  
SHOWN BY ELY MEN'S  
FURNISHER, AT THE  
KING EDWARD HOTEL

Among the new ideas shown in hosiery for men is a kind made of Scotch Heather yarns, especially prepared to match the colors in the fall and winter suits. These half-hose are warm and comfortable and are made in such combinations of colors as brown and green, gold and brown, and red, tan, and blue and a number of indescribable color combinations, woven together to give a soft pleasing effect. Another item worthy of notice about this class of hosiery is its remarkable wearing qualities. These half-hose are sold at prices ranging from 50c. to 75c.

Another of the notable features is the passing of black hosiery for general wear. A short time ago almost universally worn, they are now seldom bought except for afternoon or evening wear, when they are worn in fine cashmere, lisle or silk, and are most proper. For evening black silk or lisle with black, white or purple trees embroidered up the sides are in the best of taste. The introducing of sheer silk hose in dark grey and dark plum for evening wear is accepted as quite proper and smarter than the usual black.

Most silk half-hose, which, by the way and despite the expense, are being much more generally worn, are now made with especially prepared cotton feet, which make them give much better service and are more comfortable.

## Metallic Walls and Ceilings

Suitable for Store, Office or Home. Fire-proof. Sanitary. Artistic. Expert workmanship, beautiful designs.

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First Short Story Character—Haven't I met you before? Second Ditto—Wouldn't be surprised! This is my one hundredth reincarnation this year.—Life.

Professor Darwin insists that plants are animals. This is hard on the vegetarians.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

interest has been stimulated by the harvest news and by the details of the progress of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and there are not wanting keen market observers who assert that London's next boom will be in Canadian rails. So far, prices have recovered practically the whole of the severe fall which took place early in the year, and both Canadian Pacific shares and Grand Trunk stocks are being steadily absorbed by the Continent. Hudson Bays are quiet. The board's conservative policy does not encourage speculation, but there is a feeling among some of the shareholders that more might be done in the development of the company's mineral areas about which the directors have always been reticent. The Latin-American stocks dealt in here have been quiet this week, but there has been a general recovery in prices since the break caused by the Balkan trouble a couple of weeks ago.

There is a likelihood of gold exports from America this week. Foreign exchange rates in New York at the beginning of the week were very strong owing to the continued absence of commercial bills in anything like adequate supply, and as a result inquiries regarding gold for export were made. Two factors, contributing to the decided strength of the exchange market in New York, are the arrival of large amounts of American stocks from abroad and the paying off by that city of the \$25,000,000 of revenue warrants which become due Nov. 1, and most of which will have to be paid off in London. New York arranged a good while ago for the necessary exchange to cover this transaction, but it is believed that some of those who sold the exchange to the city in advance have not completed their cover of these bills as readily as they had expected, and are now confronted in some cases with the necessity of purchasing bankers' bills to provide the necessary funds abroad. The publication of the U.S. Government's figures on foreign trade for September reveals the fact that American exports of all kinds for the month were \$139,397,000, which is \$4,000,000 above the exports for the same month in 1907, and \$41,295,000 in excess of the September imports. For the nine months of the calendar year ending with September, the United States sold abroad \$432,668,000 more goods than they imported, whereas last year in the same period the balance in America's favor was only \$223,516,000. These are significant figures.

Last week, Mr. Norman Gzowski, of the firm of E. D. Warren & Co., was elected a member of the Toronto Stock Exchange. He is a son of Mr. C. S. Gzowski, who is one of the oldest members of the local Exchange. The father's seat was transferred to the son at a valuation of \$20,000. It is hardy likely that such a sum would be paid in cash for a Toronto Stock Exchange seat, although it is reported that offers of \$17,000 have been made, without response. Mr. Norman Gzowski was formerly manager of the Yonge street branch of the Bank of Commerce.

## The Turn of the Tide in Canada.

"CANADA," the excellent weekly published in London, and devoted to the interests of the Dominion says: It is easy to see that good times are returning in Canada. Truth to tell, a considerable period—two, or even three years—must pass before the progressive prosperity of what are now called the boom years is back again. But the corner has been turned, and the feeling of confidence in the nearer future has returned, and will gather strength month by month.

That the Western crops are good (above the average in quantity, above the average in quality) is admitted by the most cautious authorities. The effects of this welcome fact are obvious everywhere in the East, which, *au fond*, depends now on the West for the incentive to its annual industrial development. To-day the East has an accumulated store of wealth, so that no set-back—not even the combination of a world-wide financial crisis and a poor Western harvest—can cause it to feel poverty-stricken. This summer the number of Canadians who have been able to take the usual holiday in the wilds has shown no falling off. There has been much unemployment, but the volume thereof is diminishing. Again the attendance at the Toronto Exhibition, the best fair of the hardy annual type, shows a marked increase over the figures for all previous years. In a sense, the Toronto Exhibition is the pulse of the community. If that be so, Canada's pulse is beating firm and with the slight acceleration that means hopefulness. The body economic of the Dominion is as full of vitality as ever.

Despite these proofs of a change for the better, the unemployment problem is likely to be pressing in the larger Canadian centres of population during the winter, always a time of industrial slackening. The newcomers—emigrants from the Mother Country who have not yet had time to adapt themselves to Canadian conditions—are naturally the chief sufferers from such a state of things. Charitable organizations expect to have their resources severely taxed this winter. It is to be hoped that well-meaning philanthropists in the Mother Country will make no attempt to export artisans, much less half-skilled or unskilled labor for some months to come. The charitable Canadian is by no means slow to help the distressed British immigrant. But since the Canadian millionaire—unlike the American variety—does not give huge sums to charitable institutions, and charities in Canada are really kept up by people of moderate means, it is grossly unfair to add to their burden. Unlike England, Canada has no endowed charitable institutions, which have been established by the pity and piety of past centuries. No doubt these will come in time. But, as things are, Canada lacks as yet even the necessary equipment of free hospitals and the like for her own helpless people.

But to return to the symptoms of a change for the better, a significant sign is the state of the railway freight service. When trade is brisk, the demand for freight cars reaches a climax, and railway companies, pressed to the utmost, wish to keep all their own cars for their customers' use, and to make use of many cars belonging to other systems. It is whispered—among railway men in moments of confidential intercourse—that they are sometimes even stolen. However, to insure the speedy return of borrowed cars the railways of North America have agreed that each company which keeps another's car shall pay a daily fine—formerly half a dollar, of late months a quarter. During the recent depression many companies were glad to get the latter amount for their surplus cars which, had they been at home, would have been, metaphorically speaking, eating their heads off. Now, however, the Canadian lines are calling back their empties, since there is a sure prospect of business for all their rolling stock. Indeed, considering the general situation, there are clear signs of a coming shortage of freight cars. Throughout Western America the harvest is plentiful, but the freight carriers are few.

## White People in Japan

The Treatment to Which They Are Subjected—An Interview With a Traveler Who Has Returned.

"THERE'S absolutely no law for the white man in Japan, and as for the treaty with Great Britain, no value has been attached to it since the time of the school troubles in San Francisco, when, had it not been for the attitude of Great Britain, the Japanese Government would have declared war upon the United States."

This statement was made in an interview in the Vancouver Province by C. J. Kirkpatrick, R.N.R., who has returned to Vancouver from Yokohama, where he has been employed for the past five years as a civil engineer by the Mikado's government.

According to Mr. Kirkpatrick, the white residents of Yokohama have to put up with a number of things, which, to say the least, must be a source of continual irritation to them.

"No European or American resident, who has not become a citizen, can own property," observed Mr. Kirkpatrick. "A European club in Yokohama secured a perpetual lease, as they thought of a boathouse and cricket-ground in the city. They were not long deceived, for soon after the transaction the Japanese demanded that the right be given Japanese children to play on the cricket crease under pain of cancellation of the lease."

"Many of the fine terrace gardens on the bluffs overlooking the city, which were formerly the property of European residents, have been converted into playgrounds for the children of the Japanese, who claimed that the 'foreigners' had no right to own any property whatsoever in Japan, and that they could not claim the rights of tenure unless they became citizens."

"This system of doing what they please with the property of the white residents was remarkably exemplified during the great drought. Many kind-hearted Europeans permitted the Japanese coolies to draw water from the wells in their own compounds. On account of the abuse of this privilege this drawing of water had to be restricted to certain hours. The coolies, who evidently were of the opinion that they should be allowed to avail themselves of the water in the Europeans' private wells whenever they wished, became incensed at this restriction placed upon them and many of the wells were filled with carbolic acid. Barbarous as this may seem, it is true," declared Mr. Kirkpatrick.

Mr. Kirkpatrick instanced several examples of the way the law was meted out to the disadvantage of the white population. The rickshaw men, he said, demanded a fee of 25 sen for carrying Europeans or Americans and only ask 5 sen for carrying Japanese gentlemen.

"A few months ago a Mrs. J. Gray, the wife of the accountant in Lane, Crawford & Co.'s large wholesale establishment in Yokohama, refused to pay what she considered an extortionate fee demanded by the rickshaw man. Upon her refusal the rickshaw man became angry and twisted the lady's wrist, severely spraining it. Mr. Gray gave the man a good thrashing, and was called to appear in the courts, where, in spite of the evidence, which was dead against the rickshaw man, Mr. Gray was convicted of a criminal offence and succeeded in escaping a sentence of six months' imprisonment only by an apology being offered by the entire white population of the city."

"Some time ago a prominent white resident married a Japanese lady. What was his surprise to be informed a few later that unless he, himself, became a citizen of Japan his children would be pronounced illegitimate!"

"On many of the country roads in Japan," said Mr. Kirkpatrick, "the European is held up and backsheesh is demanded before he is allowed to proceed on his way. Of course these hold-ups are only indulged in by people of the lower class, but their prevalence is an indication of the bad law given out generally to Europeans."

"It may not generally be known here in Vancouver," said Mr. Kirkpatrick, "that at the time of the riots here last fall the Japanese, across the Pacific, confidentially boasted that if their fellow-countrymen in Canada were not granted the same rights as the white population they would set Vancouver afire and cut the water mains, and that if the militia were called out they were prepared to seize upon the armories."

"People may call this wild talk, but there can be no doubt but that the Japanese would be very pleased to become possessed of the Pacific coast of North America, of the Hawaiian Islands and of Australia. There are men in Yokohama who do nothing else but contract for the sending of Japanese labor to Canada. An agreement is generally made by which the Japanese coming out pledge themselves to pay a certain amount each year after they get here, and are given free passage."

As a retired British naval man Mr. Kirkpatrick took an interest in the Japanese navy and pronounced it to be the finest fleet in the world as far as efficiency was concerned. He thinks it would have been more than a match for the American fleet, and that it is better prepared for battle than the British navy to-day.

While in Japan Mr. Kirkpatrick was admitted to the fourth degree of the Rising Sun.

## The Bond

ALL things are bound together by a tie  
Finer and subtler than a ray of light;  
Color and sound and fleeting fragrances,  
The maiden's smile, the star-beam sparkling bright,  
Are knit together by a secret bond  
Finer and subtler than a ray of light.

Sometimes an urn of memories is unsealed  
Just by a simple tune, or sad or gay;  
Part of the past with every quivering note  
From its dark sleep awakens to the day,  
And we live o'er again a long-past life,  
Just through a simple tune, or sad or gay.

Some flowers bring men and women back to mind;  
A well-known face smiles on us in their hue;  
Their bright cups, moved by the capricious wind,  
Will make us dream of eyes, black eyes or blue;  
We in their fragrance feel a breath beloved;  
Flowers bring back men and women whom we knew.  
—Alice Stone Blackwell, from the Armenian.

Taft till 1917, then Roosevelt to 1925, when Theodore, Jr., will be old enough to carry on the burden to 1933, when Charlie Taft can come into his own.—New York Post.

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in Sums of \$100 and upwards for Terms of One or More Years

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Michie's Teas are regular in their superior quality and flavor.

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PURE WOOL

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## Notes From New York

From Our Own Correspondent

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1908.

POLITICAL interest in New York has this week been centered on the State campaign. Governor Hughes has returned from the west, where he has been doing some herculean work for the National ticket, and is conducting a vigorous campaign on his own behalf. He will remain on the "job" now until election day. Out west, Mr. Hughes has been called the greatest campaigner of this generation, and the result of the week's work in New York would seem to warrant that opinion.

Probably he is the most sincere public man of this generation, (in the U. S. of course), and as courageous as he is sincere. When you add to these qualities, sincerity and courage, a supreme gift for analyzing and arranging facts in their logical sequence, you have the entire secret of his power in the public hustings. Against that invincible front the tricks of oratory strive in vain. The people, moreover, like the argument and, contrary to the impression of so many public men, they know who has it. They will admit the charm of oratory, and even submit themselves to the spell, but they are not necessarily deceived by it. Confidence is often misplaced, of course, but it is doubtful if real confidence in the intelligence of people ever fails in the long run. This, at least, is the Hughes theory of public life, and we shall see within a fortnight whether or not it holds.

Since his return, the Governor has been making a vigorous effort to "smoke" out the enemy. So far theirs is a campaign of innuendo, with such catch phrases as "personal liberty" and vague promises to "govern New York State on broader lines than a country village." The inference is obvious enough, but Mr. Hughes is not satisfied with an opposition of "glittering generalities," as he calls it. He wants "specifications," and continues daily to query his opponent in this fashion:

"Are you in favor of repealing the Public Service Commission law?"

"Are you in favor of transferring the power of the Public Service Commission to any other officer of the State?"

"If so, to what officer?"

"Are you in favor of having the Public Service Commission's powers curtailed? If so, what powers would you take away?"

"Are you in favor of upholding the Constitution prohibiting race-track gambling?"

And so on through the main issues of his administration.

Mr. Chanler's reply to the effect that he "will not be dictated to," that he will not have "his line of march determined for him," that he will "govern under the constitution and laws as he finds them," is open to the Governor's obvious retort that he is not dictating the line of march, he only wants to know where he is marching to. These embarrassing questions are telling on the situation, and the general feeling is that the Governor has checked the adverse tide.

On Saturday night he made a whirlwind tour of the city, addressing five meetings in all. At Grand Central Palace, where I heard him, he succeeded in rousing 5,000 people to a splendid pitch of enthusiasm.

MEANWHILE straw votes are the vogue. An insatiable curiosity to know how the political winds are blowing is casting these pliant messengers into the hives of industry, cafes, theatres and other places of entertainment. Notwithstanding that the fallibility of this guidance has been demonstrated over and over again, the polling goes merrily on. In 1904, straw votes had Judge Herrick elected Governor. A few years before that, contrary winds blew Van Wyck's straws far out to sea, and elected Seth Low mayor of New York.

Either of these flagrant instances should be sufficient warning against setting too much store on this popular device. The curiosity is natural, of course, and this is a sufficient element of doubt to explain the demand. Results thus far show two Presidents elected for the White House, and possibly two Governors for Albany.

WHAT may be taken into consideration in any attempt at a reckoning is the serious falling off in registration this year. This, the party managers of both sides, attribute to the new election law, which required illiterate voters to answer a number of questions before they were accepted. This, no doubt, frightened thousands away, and it is needless to say which party will suffer. The loss may, of course, be overtaken in part on election day at the expense of duly registered voters.

NEW YORK—social New York, of course, understood—is returning to town very slowly. This is readily enough explained by the unseasonably warm weather, which makes country life not only tolerable, but highly preferable, to the stifling atmosphere of town. The city is murky and enervating, with the days unnaturally hot, and the nights suffocating. Hotels, guided by the calendar, weeks ago dismantled their "summer garden," and brought out their rich tapestries and silk hangings, in expectation of cold weather and returning guests. But neither is in sight. The new lavish decorations, advertised in glowing terms, prove the rivalry that exists in the leading hostilities. But "Neapolitan orchestras in red uniforms trimmed with gold lace," "vases imported from France," and "new silver service for cold meats," fail to lure the Adirondack camper from his log fire, or the Newport dweller from his comfortable evening of bridge.

Talking about hotels, the Waldorf has thought of something quite unique in hotel management. It has established an up-to-date surgical ward in the basement, fully equipped, so the information to the press states, with operating table, rubber tired roller couch, cases of surgical instruments, and a complete sterilizing outfit. "The ward," as it is called, will be under the care of the hotel physician, with an assistant and nurse in constant attendance. While it is designed primarily, of course, for hotel patrons, the room will be placed at the disposal of any ambulance surgeon for emergency cases. The humble laborer, therefore, who may chance to fall from a nearby derrick may receive his first aid within the palatial walls of America's first hotel.

THERE will be a few important changes in the theatrical offerings for the present week. Mr. Gillette, after a successful try-out across the line, will bid for

Metropolitan favors at the Criterion in "Samson." Not that New York is necessarily the final arbiter of the best in art, but her approval is necessary, at least, to insure popular and financial success. The praises of the Toronto press, while hidden, of course, from public view here, have been seen by some of us, and in "Samson" we look for a theatrical treat. Mr. Gillette, we know to be a really gifted actor.

THAT New York is not always right in its dramatic judgments has just been proved in its reception of "Mater," Mr. Percy Mackaye's charming comedy referred to a few weeks ago. "Mater" had certain faults of construction, it is true, but the play has been spurned for its virtues rather than for its faults, I fear. The plane was too intellectual, and the prevailing note too scholarly and poetic for popular presentation. It was overflorid if anything, overdecorated with fine carving. A charming sense of comedy, and a real spirit of gaiety infected it, however, while for felicity of expression, poetic coloring, and freshness of conception it had no rival in the field.

One would suppose that such virtues would insure its reception. Perhaps the spirit of compromise, the attempt to substitute for sentimentality a sense of humor and wholesome, worldly-minded wisdom, "queered" it in moral grounds. For in its tenets of morality, political or domestic, the New York public is as fastidious as ourselves.

To replace "Mater" at the Savoy, Mr. Miller has recalled "The Servant in the House" from Chicago.

"Myself-Bettina," which Miss Maxine Elliott has brought to New York, after a season en tour, seems to be nearer the average "moral" taste than "Mater." The seat of most people's dramatic enjoyment is located in their spines; and to this kind of appeal most spines are susceptible. Miss Crother's play, as you may remember, sacrifices logic at every turn to provide situations. And the ridiculous effort to make white black and commit the little New England girl of the unparadiseable sin—a view in which even the sophisticated Paris sister shared—is the last word in sentimentality. If the little sister had not been such a jealous little hussy and hid behind the curtains to catch her inconstant lover, our sympathies would be entirely hers. The only palliation the author suggests is that the winters are long and cold. The acting does much, however, to make up for the play's shortcomings.

Miss Nance O'Neil, a few years ago on her first entry into New York, gave promise of conspicuous dramatic talent. She was still more or less crude, but her emotional range seemed practically unlimited. There was a poetic quality in her work, too, that lent itself most agreeably to the interpretation of such plays as "Judith" or "The Fires of St. John." Her return the other day in a third-rate melodrama like "Agnes" has blighted all such hopes. There will always be those who delight in extravagant sentiment and sensation, but the sentiments and sensation of "Agnes" are too obvious and absurd to impose on even the most credulous. Unless Miss O'Neil has hopelessly declined in acting talent, the offering is entirely unworthy of her.

On the contrary, "Pierre of the Plains," which has also come to us by way of Toronto, is an acquisition to the stage offerings. Mr. Edgar Selwyn, whom we do not forget is a Canadian actor, has made an excellent impression, both as playwright and actor. The offering is distinctly superior to much of the dramatic exploitation on the American stage, of the Canadian North-West.

What Fun is There in Being a Boy Anyway?

WHEN I was a small, unfinished boy, with my bare feet so badly sun-warped that my superior toes stuck straight up in the air, there were terrible panthers that lurked in the woods up back of the pasture on dark nights and screeched like orphan children in distress, for the express purpose of devouring you when you went to the rescue. I never exactly saw one myself, but that made no difference. The hired man had seen them—there never was a hired man in those days that hadn't. And every feller knew a feller that had a cousin, or something, who had a cousin that knew a feller that had actually perished in that manner.

Those days were full of terrors. There was the hoop-snake, that took its tail in its mouth and rolled rapidly down the hill in pursuit of you; the Personal Devil, ready to grab you every time you had any fun; and George Washington, always waiting to catch you in a lie.

Your conscience was forever giving you hail Columbia—half the time you didn't know why. And so it went—you had to go back up in the corner and be on the keen watch the whole time. No fun, hardly, in being alive.

It was pointed out to me that if I did not curb my rising appetite I'd grow ere long to be a replica of Daniel Lambert, then remembered with admiration and awe as having weighed 739 pounds, and I lived in fear that I should one day go about breaking down chairs, floors and traditions, and otherwise getting myself disliked. But although I have been eating, off and on, ever since, I am still far from achieving the greatness thrust upon the late Colonel Lambert. At one time it was planned that I should become a distinguished ancestor, but that eventually seems yet afar off. During my earlier years I dreaded the prospect of being a statesman like those in the pictures, for I keenly felt my inability to ever attain the combination of petrified smugness and ponderous dignity which in the good old days sat so smoothly on the countenances of the great. I knew, too, that the stately standing collars, indigenous to the mighty, would saw my blamed ears off. One admiring maiden aunt prognosticated that I'd become an evangelist, and another was equally sure that I was destined to be a college president; but as it eventually became evident that I was not a sufficiently gifted liar to shine as the one or conceited enough for the other, I escaped being altogether a pest or a bore.

And thus it went; little by little the terrors of my boyhood faded out and were gone. The panthers in the woods turned out to be hoot-owls; the hoop-snake went to join the Personal Devil. Nowadays, the conscience is as easily eradicated as the appendix. Our greatest troubles are those that never happen, and our worst enemies exist only in our heated imaginings. Looks a good deal like rain, off to the westward, don't it?—Tom P. Morgan, in November Smart Set.

Prohibition cut \$4,000,000 of the Government revenues for July and August. It seems that thirst is bound to be costly whether cultivated or curbed.—New York World.

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# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A MUCH feted bride-elect is Miss Lucile Graham, whose wedding day will be Nov. 4. This afternoon Miss Helen Matthews, who is to be maid of honor to Miss Graham, is giving a luncheon for her, and Miss Larkin and Miss Del Sylvester, two of the bridesmaids to be, are also giving luncheons. A real "surprise" shower was given on Wednesday for Miss Graham, the girls who arranged it very much enjoying her amazement as she was greeted by a pelting of many small articles when she unsuspectingly strolled into the tea-room at the invitation of a fun-loving young matron. Miss Wade of Barrie is now visiting Miss Graham, and will be a bridesmaid. The girls were all schoolmates at Havergeral a few years ago, and have kept up their school intimacy ever since. They all think Mr. Harry Housser, the groom-elect, is a particularly fortunate young man.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson of Todmorden arrived in town on Wednesday from their bridal trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard McMurray are living with Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith in Jarvis street for the winter.

The stork called on Mr. and Mrs. Gus Burritt the other day and left the sweetest baby girl in all Rosedale, so, at least, a connoisseur in babies has been heard to remark.

Mrs. Douglas, St. Alban street, gave a tea for Miss Lucile Graham this week.

Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis is giving a dance next month to introduce her second daughter, Miss Bertha Jarvis. The function will take place at McConkey's.

Under the patronage of Lady Moss, Lady Edgar and Miss Knox, Madame A. Bivert, of Havergeral College, will give in French a "Causerie and Declaration" on selections from the "Precieuses Ridicules" and the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of Moliere, and selections from "Le Cid" of Corneille. The Causerie will take place in Conservatory Lecture Hall on November 18 at 8.15.

Mrs. Arthur E. Snell, formerly Miss Fleischmann, received for the first time since her marriage on Friday, October 16, at her residence, 679 Spadina avenue. The bride wore her robe des noces of Bruges lace over Liberty satin, with a corsage bouquet of violets. She carried a bouquet of roses and lilies. Mrs. Fleischmann of Buffalo, her mother, assisted in the drawing-room, in a white net gown with sequin and silver embroideries and corsage bouquet of orchids. Mrs. Winnett and Mrs. J. A. Walker were in charge of the tea-room, assisted by Miss Marie Foy, the Misses Orr, Mrs. J. T. Clark and Miss Gertrude Cook. The table was glowing with deep red roses and strands of red ribbons to vases filled with the same flowers at each corner. The mantels were banked with yellow 'mums and ferns, and American Beauties decorated the drawing-room. Mrs. Snell receives again next Tuesday for the last time this year.

Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser, formerly Kathleen Murray, held her post-nuptial reception on Monday at the home of her mother, Mrs. W. T. Murray, 166 Crescent road. The slender brunette bride wore her wedding gown, of embroidered chiffon over Liberty satin, and greeted her visitors with the happiest of smiles. Mrs. Kleiser and Mrs. Jack Murray poured tea and coffee, and Mrs. Charlie Murray, Mrs. Parkyn Murray, Miss Mona Murray, aunt and cousins of the hostess, with Mrs. Gouinlock and Miss Dennis, of Detroit, waited on the guests. The table was done with Beauty roses and lily of the valley.

The Argonaut dance, on Monday evening, provided a gay time for the young set, and I believe another "very last" dance is on next Monday evening.

Mrs. George Gale, who has been abroad for some months with friends, returned home a few days ago.

Lord and Lady Northcliffe and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pennant visited Toronto this week.

On Tuesday afternoon, at Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, Miss Annie Cordelia Gillard and Mr. Matthew Hendrie Leggat were married by Rev. Canon Abbot. Mr. John Leggat was best man and the matron of honor was Mrs. Champ, sister of the bride, whose two nieces, Margaret and Katherine Champ, were her bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Leggat were given a reception by the matron of honor at her home in Aberdeen avenue, and after the usual happy hour the bride and groom left for a honeymoon across the line. They will make their home in Vancouver, B.C.

On Thursday, October 15, Miss Annie Chisholm Fraser, eldest daughter of His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, and Rev. William George Wilson, of St. Andrew's church, Guelph, were married by Rev. E. A. McCurdy and Rev. R. W. Ross. The ceremony took place in Government House, before a party of about seventy-five guests, and the house was beautifully decorated, while one room was crowded with handsome gifts. The bride's sisters, Sarah and Margaret, were bridesmaids, and Dr. Dix, of Knox College, Toronto, was best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh, gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Lord Milner. Last night Lord Milner was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Walker, St. George street.

The annual meeting of the Speranza Music Club was held at the president's home, 290 Simcoe street, last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson is going South for the winter. She has not been quite well recently.

Mrs. McDowell Thompson has gone South for her health. She has not been well for some months, after an attack of bronchitis.

The first of the good things provided by the Dickens Fellowship's Lyceum Course was an illustrated lecture by Dr. Davidson, of Washington, on Tuesday evening, when a large audience was more than pleased, both by the clear and clever talk of the handsome gentleman from the States, and the magnificent limelight views of the



LORD MILNER (STANDING) ARRIVING AT THE UNIVERSITY ON THE OCCASION OF THE BESTOWAL UPON HIM OF THE HONORARY DEGREE OF LL.D.

Swiss Alps, the peasant types and their houses, and of cities, weird glens and chasms such as are familiar to all travelers in Switzerland. Dr. Davidson's clear voice and easy manner were distinctly grateful to the audience, and his courteous allusions to Canada were very tactful. The President of the Fellowship, Mr. E. S. Williamson, introduced the lecturer and mentioned that the fund created by the proceeds of the Lyceum Course was for the benefit of those charitable undertakings in which the Fellowship has been so heartily interested.

An interesting and large collection of paintings is on exhibition this week at 93 Yonge street, by the artist, Mr. Farini, and many visitors and several purchasers have been upstairs to admire them. Mr. Farini has done so many things, in his long and busy career, that he seems a sort of universal genius. An artist friend greatly admired one well balanced study, which was quickly purchased by one of the visitors. A decorative three-panel bit of the Don revealed that much-maligned stream as a worthy subject, and several Florida bits were novel and strong.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Jones have left for the West.

Miss Gladys Murton, who has been in the hospital for a severe illness, is now convalescent.

Mr. Grant Morden is returning from the West Coast to Toronto next month.

Mr. E. F. B. Johnston has purchased Mrs. McArthur's large residence in St. George street.

Captain and Mrs. Harold Lumb have returned from their honeymoon and are in Brockville for the winter.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald are in the south of Europe and I hear no tidings of their immediate return.

Mr. Austin of "Spadina" has been duck shooting in Manitoba, and was expected home the end of the week.

Mrs. Edward Farrar, of Ottawa, was in town for a flying visit at mid-week, and was stopping at the King Edward.

Rev. Robert and Mrs. Gay are visiting Mrs. Charles Fuller in South Drive, Rosedale.

The opening of the fine new organ in Conservatory Hall last Saturday night was a most interesting and artistic treat. The great Lemare arrived from New York at eleven in the morning and played a delightful programme on the new organ, leaving after the recital for New York by the eleven o'clock train—a busy twelve-hour visit! Among the things Lemare played were two of Wheelton's compositions, "Cantique de Soir" and "Carillon," the latter giving the swing of bells in a most perfect effect, though not with quite the beauty of the composer's own magnificent organ in the Metropolitan. Lemare's improvisations on a little theme handed in by one of the audience were most masterly. There was a good audience of very musical people.

Mrs. P. E. Doolittle has sold her house, corner of Shuter and Sherbourne streets, and is busy packing up her laces and penates preparatory to giving up the keys to the new owner.

Dr. Newbold Jones had a pleasant coterie of friends for luncheon at the Hunt Club the other day, to meet Mr. Stopford Brunton, son of Sir Lauder Brunton, the eminent London physician.

Mrs. Braithwaite gave a large tea on Friday for the presentation of her daughter, Miss Marjorie Braithwaite, at her home in St. George street, and the traditions of hospitality which have always been upheld in that handsome house, since Mr. Columbus Greene built it, were nobly honored for Miss Braithwaite's debut. The debutante is a girl whom everyone likes, and her sweet and unaffected manner is one of her greatest charms. Loads of beautiful flowers, hundreds of smart guests and the best of good cheer in the tea-room marked the happy event as the success of the week.

Mrs. John I. Davidson has sent out cards for a tea on next Tuesday afternoon.

A writer in a St. Louis paper thus hands out bouquets to a former Torontonian, who has evidently arrived. (She is now Mrs. Sam Brewer, and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Marsh): "I have found a young girl in New York who was entirely unknown, but who has developed a wonderful talent for making posters of various stars, beautiful posters of Marie Cahill, Olga Nethersole, Gracie Van Studdaford, Margaret Anglin, and the famous Salome pictures are the work of this young artist, whose name is Bessie Marsh, and who came from Toronto, Canada." One who is a power in theatrical booming says: "We have discovered a prodigy in Bessie Marsh." Our clever fellow-citizen was married last year and her husband is in literary work. Her friends in Toronto are delighted to hear of her success and wish her more of it, especially those who know how indomitable and earnest has been her work to gain it.

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### This is Decorating Time

There is a spot in every room—a shelf or mantel—where a piece of Oriental Bric-a-bac would give just the right decorative touch. There is in every room a corner where a jardinere, a tabouret, or a place where an oriental rug would give a perfect finish to the decorative effect. Look your home over and see what you need.

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### THE STETSON SHOE

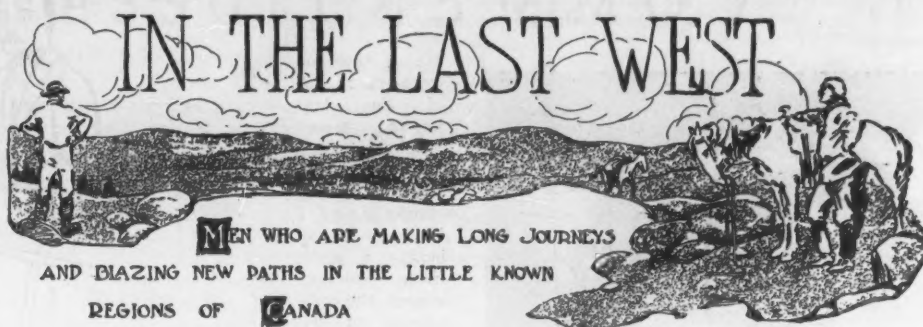
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Gentlemen wish position as housekeeper or co-pastor. Experienced. Domestic science training.  
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**IN THE LAST WEST**  
MEN WHO ARE MAKING LONG JOURNEYS  
AND BIAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN  
REGIONS OF CANADA

A WRITER who has just been through the West, in referring to the pluck of the western people, relates this incident:

"Not long ago a settler in the Edmonton district lost everything by prairie fire. His grain and stock, his shack and stable, his fences and implements, all were wiped out. A prosperous farm was converted in a few hours into a Sahara of grey ashes, with nothing but the ruins of a cook stove left on the flat prairie floor to show that it had once been a human habitation.

"This Edmonton settler didn't sit stunned and dazed over the ruins. He walked three miles to a neighbor and

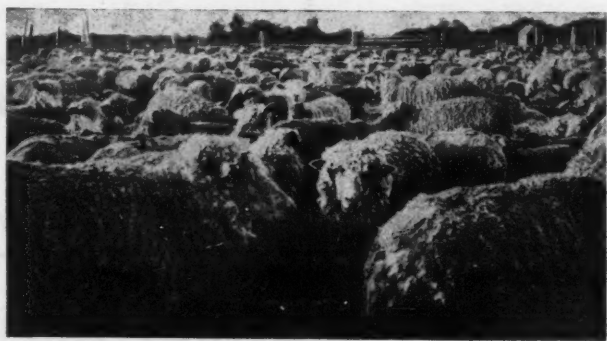
on the force took steps to get the movement under way. It is reported that for all men who have spent their full time to retirement the same concessions be granted as are given war veterans and that men who have spent five years in the force be allowed to take a homestead and satisfy the homestead requirements by cultivating a given number of acres.

ISAAC COWIE, writing at Winnipeg, to the Winnipeg Free Press, points out that, unless our great waterways are made use of, the transportation facilities of the West will not meet the demands of that rapidly-developing country. He ad-

Mountains, set opposite the passes affording the easiest gradients to and from the Pacific Coast. Calgary and Edmonton already flourish and are destined to increase exceedingly; but further north there will certainly arise the city yet unborn and as yet conceived only by the optimist. In the upper Peace River valley, Peace City, from its commanding position on the easiest pass through the mountains, and on the shortest route from ocean to ocean, via Hudson's Bay, as well as by its situation at the head of the thousands of miles of navigable waterways so bountifully provided by Providence to tap the wealth of the great Northland, will become one of the greatest commercial centres in Canada.

Turning now from the contemplation of these vast possibilities of the future to the pressing needs of the present day, we rejoice that our long hoped for outlet by the way of Hudson's Bay and Straits is about to be opened by the Dominion Government. In connection with this I may be allowed to quote from my address at the Winnipeg Old Timers' banquet in 1906:

"It is remarkable that we, the sons of the mighty nation that rules the waves, which by sea power has car-



ALL WOOL.

borrowed a team and wagon. Then he took a piece of his broken stove top for a spade, and driving to a neighboring coulee, where hundreds and hundreds of beautiful Alberta ferns grew wild, he grubbed out a wagon load of these ferns and teamed them into Edmonton. The people of that opulent young northern city may or may not have had an inkling of what had befallen him. But at any rate the homeless settler sold his whole wagon load of fern roots for a dollar apiece, and turned around and bought a tent and a tin stove for \$5 from the grandson of an English earl who refused to live any longer in a country where he couldn't buy "Honey-Dew" tobacco, and the shooting was getting worse every season. The fern seller drove home with a pocketful of money and a determination to start life over again.

"You feel that he ought to have a monument or a brass plate on his door when he dies—at least, you feel that way at first, when you think of him grubbing out those coulee ferns with a broken stove top. But Canada would run out of the supply if she gave every westerner of kindred spirit a monument, for there are thousands of men. They are the men who are making us a nation."

A DESPATCH from Kamloops, B.C., says that two big companies of English capitalists are purchasing some of the biggest ranching properties in the Kamloops district, and will subdivide them into small fruit farms. It is likely that trees will be planted before the sections are placed on the market.

One company, headed by Cecil Ward, is now floating stock in London. It will purchase Sunnyside, giving \$85,000 for the land. The total outlay by the company will be over \$300,000. Mr. William Reilly, of Vancouver, represents the other company, and it is buying the famous Roper ranch. The price is \$280,000. A. E. Ashcroft, engineer, reports that there is lots of water on the ranches for irrigation, and systems will be installed.

A WESTERN press despatch says that there is a movement on among the rank and file of the mounted police to procure for the members of that force a land benefit similar to that bestowed upon South African veterans in the new Oliver land bill. The old-timers among the police contend that men who have devoted their lives or a great portion of them to the public service in the mounted police organizations ought to be entitled to as much consideration as men who served but a brief period in the Boer war. On this hypothesis they are taking steps to procure, if possible, a further amendment of the land act to provide for the extension to them of the same benefits conferred on the war veterans. A meeting was held at Macleod recently at which the old-timers



A SHEEP RANCH IN THE WEST.  
These pictures show portions of a 4,000 flock of sheep on the Sarnia Ranching Company's Ranch, near Medicine Hat.

vances his argument so strongly that portions of his letter are here quoted:

Long ere the agricultural nuclei now dotting the great southern and central plains of Alberta and Saskatchewan shall have coalesced and formed compact communities of prosperous farmers, the country will have entirely outgrown the present and presently projected railway facilities. Land can and will be brought under cultivation far more rapidly than railways can be constructed.

The multiplication of farms each year increasing in cultivated area will soon create what may be likened to a mighty ocean of grain, which, denied an outlet by present and projected railways, will burst its bounds and, forcing a way by every channel of least resistance, will seek the salt seas first by many newer railways, and finally on improved natural waterways.

During the six months of the year, when the eastern outlets by Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay are blocked by ice, the crops will pour through the passes of the western mountains to the Pacific, and, finding their way through the Panama Canal, reach the European markets. But at last the level of production will rise so high above the ability of railways to drain it away, as to compel the construction of canals connecting Lake Winnipeg with Lake Superior, and with Hudson's Bay, as outlets for the products of the eastern prairies; while those of Alberta and Peace River, descending the river to Lake Athabasca, thence will find their way, at first by rail, and in due time by canal, to the Bay. Possibly the northwestern crops may even find vent down the MacKenzie to the Arctic Ocean, and thence to the Pacific by Bering Sea.

The completion of the canalization of the Mississippi valley by the United States (for even there railways have been found inadequate to meet the increasing needs of transportation) will afford to the crops of the southern plains cheap all-the-year-round access to the markets of the world by the Gulf of Mexico.

Meanwhile great cities will grow along the eastern slopes of the Rocky

ried her commerce and founded nations yet to be all around the globe, should permit ourselves to be lulled into forgetfulness of the fact that the old-timers who preceded us gained and retained this country for the glorious British flag by following the path of Empire provided by Providence through Hudson's Straits and Bay to the heart of the British possessions in North America. No nation debarred from free access to the world's great sea-way can become permanently great, however vast its inland area. What Russia has been and still is, always ready to pour out her blood and treasure for—a free seaboard—has been granted as a gift by God to our favored land. What the White Sea is to Northern Russia; what the Baltic is to Germany, Russia and Sweden; what the Gulf of St. Lawrence is to Eastern Canada, that Hudson's Bay can and will be to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta."

### WANLESS'S NEW LOCATION.

The well-known firm of John Wanless & Son, so long established at 168 Yonge street, are now comfortably settled in their new quarters at 396 Yonge street.

With this announcement comes also the intimation that Mr. John Wanless, Sr., is retiring from the firm. The business will be carried on by Mr. John Wanless, Jr., after a radical reorganization of all departments.

This high-class jewelry business will be carried on henceforth, in the most up-to-date manner, and with a vigor which will ensure for it a place amongst the foremost jewelry concerns of Toronto.

The high reputation, which has been obtained during the long years in this city, will be maintained, and all articles sold will have Mr. Wanless's personal guarantee.

Specialty will be made of jewelry manufacturing, and fine watch repairing, and special attention will be devoted to precious stones and art goods.

Ever—Well, I see Failing is on his feet again. Rye—Yes; he was obliged to sell his auto.—Puck.

## Exquisite Dinner BLOUSES



Copyright, 1908, by Henry Hall.

HENRY HALL

"Creations" from the Artists of the Metropolis—a demonstration of class and quality unequalled this side of New York.

THE largest and most impressive demonstration of purely New York style and fashion this store ever made is now on exhibition. Waists and blouses for evening wear, made of the richest silks, satins and laces, exquisitely fashioned, worth up to \$100.00 apiece!

This exhibition will interest every woman in Toronto. The knowledge that prices are actually lower than stores like Altman's would ask for the same class of goods in New York should save many a journey.

Lovely Models of Satin at \$10 and \$12.50.  
Exclusive Creations in new shades of blue, green and black, at \$20 and \$30.  
Hand-embroidered Silk and Lace at \$70.  
Models of Ninon de Soie and Lace at \$15 and \$20.  
Beautiful ideas in Lace Blouses, \$7.50, \$10 and \$15.  
Original Model Blouses, in laces and silks, at \$25.  
Some exquisite creations in Chiffons and Laces at \$15 and \$20.  
A superb collection of \$5, \$6 and \$7.50 Waists, all with touches of the latest ideas in cuffs, collars and fronts, etc., will be exhibited all next week.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO



### FOR WOMEN WHO CARE

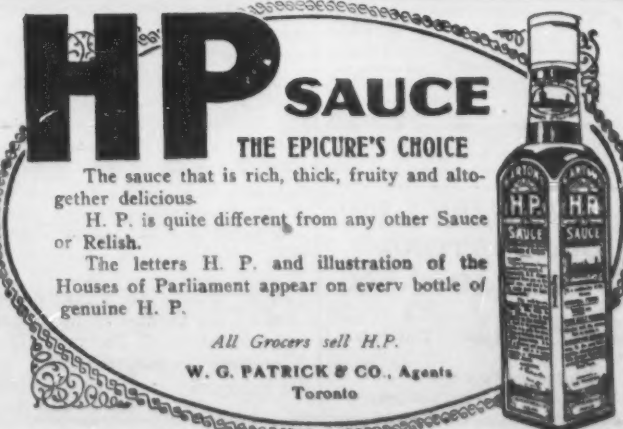
TH number of women who don't care how unattractive they look is, fortunately, very small. There are many whose pretty hats and gowns would look more stunning if their complexions were clearer and fairer.

### OUR FACE TREATMENTS

are what they require to make poor complexion good. These treatments are better than any obtainable elsewhere in town. It is a science. Don't you want to be so perfect? They remove lines and wrinkles, restore a flabby skin, make flabby muscles into good, firm flesh, reduce double chins, make thin cheeks plump, clear away spots and blackheads, and rejuvenate a premature aged face.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, ETC.,**  
permanently destroyed by our anti-septic method of electrolysis. Satisfaction assured.

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THE EPICURE'S CHOICE  
The sauce that is rich, thick, fruity and altogether delicious.  
H. P. is quite different from any other Sauce or Relish.  
The letters H. P. and illustration of the Houses of Parliament appear on every bottle of genuine H. P.  
All Grocers sell H.P.  
**W. G. PATRICK & CO., Agents**  
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## HAVE BOVRIL

in the home. It enables you to prepare tasty meals; to reserve cold meat and vegetables in a palatable and wholesome form.

BOVRIL enables the housewife to give tasty and nutritious food to those under her care.

A post card addressed to Bovril Ltd., Montreal, will bring you our little booklet "Tasty Dishes."



## LABATT'S ALE

Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

**PURE WHOLESOME PALATABLE BEVERAGE**

## BENGER'S Food

is quite distinct from any other. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion by infants, invalids and convalescents.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins and can be obtained through most wholesale Druggists and leading Drug Stores.

## WHISKY and ADVERTISING

WHISKY is generally judged by its advertising—not by a critical comparison.

TRY A GLASS OF

## SANDY MACDONALD

SPECIAL LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY (10 years old)

it will reveal a higher standard of perfection.

INVESTIGATE—Quality will do the rest!

Alexander & Macdonald, Distillers, LEITH—Scotland.

**\$65**  
BILLS LIKE SIXTY  
GILSON  
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For Pumping, Cream  
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Ask for catalog—all sizes  
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Let us give you an estimate on re-decorating your home. This is our specialty.

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8 D'Arcy St.

# SPORTING COMMENT

ANY one happening to be in the vicinity of the Polo Grounds, in New York City, on the afternoon of October 4, would have stood amazed at the sounds which greeted his ears from within the baseball park.

"He can't hit it!" "Strike him out!" "That's the way, Brown!"

Could it be possible that a game of ball was being played on Sunday, and that the Giants were again struggling in one of the final pennant-deciding contests? Not at all. The cheering arose from thirty-five hundred "fans" who were intently watching the reproduction on two electric scoreboards of a game of baseball which was occurring one thousand miles away.

In Chicago, the Pirates and the Cubs were fighting out their last game of the season of 1908, and on the result of this game depended New York's championship aspirations. If Chicago won, the Giants would still have a chance for the flag, and hence arose the encouraging cheers for Brown, the Cub's pitcher.

Facing the grand stand in the Polo Grounds were two scoreboards, which, by an electrical mechanism, indicated the progress of the Chicago game. In the centre of the board a diamond was outlined, and the positions of the players were marked in the field. The names of the officiating umpires were given, and the batting orders of the opposing teams. Strikes, balls, the number out, the runs scored, and the innings played could be discerned at a glance. By the name of each player in the batting list was an incandescent light, which came on as any particular man went to the bat, and the position of the ball was likewise indicated.

For example, let Thomas, of Pittsburgh, be the batter. The light appears opposite his name and also at the plate. Another light shows that pitcher Brown has the ball and, a moment later, by a similar flash, the catcher receives the ball. On the next delivery the ball is knocked foul, and a blue flash on the right foul line gives us the direction taken by the sphere. Now, lights appearing in centre field and at first base tell us that Thomas has made a single to centre and is safe at first base. If that had been a fly ball and had been caught, a single light in centre field would have told the story. A runner's position on the bases is easily indicated by flashes, which denote his progress.

By means of these small, twinkling bulbs the various plays of that important game were followed with little difficulty, and bursts of cheering attended the scoring of each of Chicago's runs.

M. R. LOL SOLMAN, of Toronto, who is over in England, has offered to match Durnan, of Toronto, against Barry, for a rowing race on Toronto Bay, for \$1,000, allowing Barry \$250 expenses. Barry's backer says that the match will not be made unless Durnan will row in England, in which case \$375 will be allowed for expenses. However, Mr. Solman will not quit at that. He will, probably, try again and have Barry out here if he can.

P. GORMAN, with the Canadian lacrosse team in England writes the Toronto Telegram as follows: "The Canadians, despite the fact that they are confident of victory, regard their English and South African opponents as dangerous, and from the fifteen players brought across, the strongest possible twelve will be selected. The home is looked upon as the strongest point of the Canadian team. The field is also a great one, and the only weakness may be in close to the flags. Either Dixon, of St. Catharines, or Fyon, of Montreal, will play goal, and to remedy the supposed weakness and steady the inner defence, Alex. Turnbull, of New Westminster, may be placed at point. Dillon, of the Shamrocks, will play cover, with either Dr. Campbell, of Orangeville, McLeod, of Calgary, or Duckert, of the Nationals, at first defence. Rennie and McKerrrow will comprise the balance of the defence field, and Mara, of Toronto, will be at centre. Gorman, Hamilton, and Broderick will make up the home field, with Hoochin outside and Brennan inside."



JACK TAIT'S STRONG ARM STUNT.

Do you see the remarkable exhibition of strength by Jack Tait, the runner of the West End Y.M.C.A.? But, between ourselves it is a little joke. The "performers" were lying on the lawn and the photograph was taken from above, the grass background being painted out.

## Kid McGuigan Plays Rugby



DE glories of Rugby, yep, de glories for mine! Dey enticed me out here 'cause I see all to the "fine" On de diamond in summer, wid Mulligan's nine— Said I'd sure be a wonder at buckin' de line.

Well, here's where I add to me laurels:

De whistle is blown, de game is begun; Dis may not be someting new under de sun, But when dey gits mixin', it sure is no fun, To be a poor novice son-of-a-gun.

If de guy dat yer markin's a husky.

Follow up on de punts? Oh, sure, Cap, I see wise. I would, but me check is a "pug" in disguise;

He soaked me a biff between me two eyes.

Stuck his knee in me slats, wouldn't let me arise.

Dat guy is a ringer—it's Jeffries.

Go low when I tackle? Ye gods! didn't I?

Dat half-back aint human. Gee! Cap, he can fly!

O' course I aint scared. I should've went high

Fer a buzzard like him. Why, when he went by

De Wright boys couldn't a' reached him.

Make a noise like a Kerr when I do get away?

Say, Cap, quit yer kiddin'. Dere's none here to-day

Could've caught me just then. Dat umpire's no jay;

He's in wid de odders. He'll sure get his pay

Fer calling me back fer an offside.

Try and git hurt, so ye can put on a "sub"?

Well, dat's handin' it out. You tink I see a dub?

My "rep" goes afore me—I see well known, bub—

What's dat? It impedes me. Say, dere isn't a Cub

In Chicago has nuthin' on me.

I'll have to git off! De dust quarter aint o'er.

I see wise! Me great playin' is makin' ye sore.

I'll quit—I see jest weary of spillin' dere gore.

But, say, if de odder team runs up a score,

Get wise dat yer jealousy done it.

—ALM.

Toronto, Oct., '08.

THE fashion of playing croquet in bare feet has shown signs of spreading in England this summer. In country houses and in suburban villas alike, says The London Mail, has been seen in a corner of the croquet lawn a row of deserted shoes and stockings, while their owners' feet serenely thread the maze of hoops.

So compelling has the vogue become that resistance to it is no longer expected. It is whispered that a Duchess has succumbed to it, and

during the last week-end at one of the best known, most hospitable seats in Surrey, the croquet party comprised a leading society beauty, a prominent literary woman, the commander of one of His Majesty's destroyers and a city merchant prince, all fashionably attired in nature's own footgear.

Unlike most fashions, barefooted croquet is not at all uncomfortable. After the game the players invariably agree that they have never before played either so comfortably or so well. The unshod feet take a splendid grip of the turf, far better than India rubber or leather can, and as a consequence the poise of the body is much assisted and the aim much improved. The fact of the sole of the foot coming in contact with mother earth also seems to be distinctly soothing to the nerves.

A medical correspondent writes:

"Exposure to the sun and air and the increased freedom to the muscles are of course beneficial, but if the day is cold or grass damp, for those unaccustomed to the conditions a bad cold may follow or lumbago and similar complaints be brought on. We are so used always to covering our feet that when they are uncovered we are particularly liable to ailments from exposure."

AN English golf journal has extended a cordial invitation to Mr. Jerome D. Travers, the United States amateur champion, to visit England next year and take part in the amateur championship. It is admitted that he may prove a formidable player, but a cordial welcome is promised.

W. J. VENNELS, having made a bicycle record of 241.45 from Hamilton to Toronto for the Dunlop Trophy, Walter Andrews and J. J. Goulding will, on separate days this week, try to lower it a notch. Two Hamilton cyclists, W. Chambers and B. W. Cornell, will also try the distance next week.

THE semi-annual meeting of the Canadian Curling Association was held on Tuesday, at the Granite Club, with Mr. W. T. Toner, of Collingwood, presiding. Two rinks have been invited to go to Scotland this winter, and already a sufficient number of applications for places on the team have been received to ensure the success of the trip.

WHY do we call football "soccer"? A correspondent objects to it, says he does not like the change at all and sees no necessity for it. Nor do we.

AMONG the begging letters recently received at the office of a benevolent society was one running thus:

"This unfortunate young man is the only son of a widow, who died childless, and his earnings maintain his aged father and infant brothers, whose sole support he is."

The secretary of the society wrote on the margin of the epistle the following note:

"The circumstances of the case are evidently exaggerated."

THE Tecumseh Lacrosse Club of Toronto have challenged for the Minto Cup and propose to go out to New Westminster to play for it in May next. The idea is to make the trip before the season opens in Ontario.

AN attempt is being made to get up a Rugby match between the Tigers, of Hamilton, and some strong American team. If such a game were played in Hamilton half Toronto would go up to see it.

4.05 P.M. OR 6.10 P.M. IS THE TIME FROM TORONTO TO NEW YORK.

Both these Grand Trunk trains have direct connections with Lehigh Valley for Philadelphia and New York City, "the only double track line." The 4.05 p.m. carries buffet library parlor car and elegant coaches to Buffalo, and Pullman from Buffalo to Philadelphia and New York. The 6.10 p.m. has through Pullman, Toronto to New York, and parlor library cafe car and coaches to Buffalo, also Pullman



'A friend of mine tells me that plug tobacco holds its flavor better than other smoking tobaccos. Is that true, Henry?'

'Well Sir, Meerschaum Cut Plug is never exposed to the air. As soon as cut, it is weighed—wrapped in heavy airtight, dustproof paper—and this, in turn, is sealed in tin foil.

Just look at the package, sir. You can see why Meerschaum retains its sweet, rich flavor and natural moisture.'

465

## MEERSCHAUM CUT PLUG

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(A VIEW OF OUR SHOWROOMS)

THE ILLUSTRATION shows a portion of one of the most modern and complete tailor-shops in Canada—a shop made beautiful with up-to-date fittings, artistic decorations and novel lighting effects—a shop where modern methods prevail—a shop where, at a moderate price, you can obtain High Art Tailoring.

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**\$24.00**

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### KNIT TO THE FORM

"CEETEE" Underclothing always fits the body perfectly, and has that "quality" appearance which denotes superiority. Ordinary underwear is cut from the fabric in the same manner as a suit of clothes. "CEETEE" Underclothing is full fashioned and is knitted to fit the body. It has sealyge edges that will not fray, thus there are no rough seams. The Gussies under the arm-pit and the shaping of the garments make them fit comfortably to every curve and muscle of the body. "CEETEE" Underclothing retains its softness and elasticity no matter how often or where it is washed and is made only from very finest imported Australian Merino wool and silk and wool.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children and want you to ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE" underclothing. It is fully guaranteed by us.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT

GALT, - ONTARIO

ESTABLISHED 1880



sleepers, Buffalo to Philadelphia. Make your reservation in advance at city ticket office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Mrs. Gramercy—What do we need for dinner? Bridget—Shure, mum, Oi tripped over the rug an' we need a new set of dishes.—Puck.



# THE PROFESSOR

By ROY ROLFE GILSON

THE first gong rang. You shut your Kipling and seized your Literature.

"Oh, it's Tommy, Tommy Atkins. You're a good un' 'cart an' and—"

Under your breath you chanted it while you fluttered the pages meant for the study hour just gone by—those sixty minutes spent in roisterings with Terrence Mulvaney instead.

"Gee!" you whispered. "I haven't looked at the lesson. What's to-day, Billie?"

"The Christian Renaissance."

"Phew! What did it do?"

"Don't ask me. I've been boning at it for an hour and I don't know."

"But what's it about?"

"Oh, Bunyan mostly, and Jeremy Taylor and a lot of religious chaps."

Desperately you skimmed the pages as you walked to the classroom through the hubbub in the halls. The class filed slowly in, filling the long brown benches. You took your seat in the farthest corner by the wall. The last gong rang, sounding like a knell, and you closed your book with a sigh.

"Well—"

It was the Professor's voice. He sat at the high desk, checking his class-book with a lead pencil and noting the absentees.

"Well!" he said again, opening his Literature. He was a bearded little man with glasses. His bald head shone like the elbows of his worn black coat; like the snotless roll of his white cuffs, with their gold buttons of an antiquated style.

"The Christian Renaissance," he murmured; then turned briskly to his class-book again.

Your immortal soul quaked within you. You folded your arms. You looked calmer so. Straight ahead of you you glared, defying Fate. You fixed your eyes fiercely on the black-board opposite. You planned neither to left nor right, lest for a single fraction of a minute you should catch the Professor's eye. You dared not move. You checked your breathing, for even a heaving chest might—

"Miss Baker," said the Professor, and your bosom sank in a grateful sigh. For the moment you were safe. Your thoughts ran swiftly. He was beginning in the B's to-day. You were an L, and from B to L, surely, there was a safe three-quarters of an hour. Yes, the gong would ring before he called you. Miss Baker herself should be worth ten minutes of the lesson hour. Then there would be Fish, who argued; and Gordon, who drawled; and the fair Miss Hale, who smiled sweetly and always wanted to know and could never quite understand. Inch would fail, of course. That went without saying. But Jones would bluff nobly, and so would King—ah! there were two artists for you! You beamed softly upon them. Jones was cutting his initials in the seat before him. King was pulling Miss Lennox's hair.

Miss Baker recited glibly. The A's and B's always learned their lessons, you observed, and it showed their wit, for their names stood first in the class-book, forever wooing the Professor's eye. You sent up a prayer of thanksgiving that you were not as other boys; that you were an L, in the very middle of the alphabet. But you would have made it two prayers had you been behind Billie Moore, who was comfortably wide in the jacket. The fellow in front of you did not shut out the Professor's eye. He was short and slender and he sat low.

Your eyes wandered through the class-room window. It was a mild spring morning out there in the meadows sparkling with dandelions and sun. Through the waving grasses flowed a placid stream, its bosom ruffled by the wind. You longed to be in the little path beside it; a cow-path keeping to the very edge of the cool bank and losing itself, far up the course, in hazel-bushes. You knew a spot where the turf lay soft and green. The arms of an oak sheltered it. The waters ran darkly beneath overhanging roots, where a white rowboat swung among the lily pads, awaiting your freeing hand.

"Miss Hale," said the Professor.

You started. Hale? Could you believe your ears? Hale, and not a quarter-hour gone? What had got into the Professor to-day? Where were Fish's argument and Gordon's drawl? And here, already, was the fair Miss Hale rising to her feet with troubled eyes—"Now, Professor"—wanting to know and failing to understand. You gazed blankly at the clock. Its minute hand crawled grimly. Your heart beat faster.

The Professor was leaning over his desk, his voice earnest, his dark eyes gleaming. He stopped and

straightened himself again, raising his eyebrows and making a little waving explanatory gesture with his right hand. The pained look left Miss Hale's face. She sat down again, nodding her head.

"Oh, yes, Professor. I see," she said.

"Of course," said the Professor, softly, his face relaxing into a triumphant smile. He reopened his class-book.

"Mr. Inch," he said.

Now, in the matter of intellect Inch wobbled, like his legs. He was a timid creature, shrinking into his coat when seated, like a turtle, and suddenly emerging from the collar and armholes when he rose, in a manner startling to behold.

"Well, well, Mr. Inch!" said the Professor, impatiently. Inch picked nervously at the seams of his trousers.

"I don't know, Professor," he said, meekly.

"Well, why don't you know?" demanded the Professor, his eyes growing with his ire. "Why don't you know? When will you ever know, if you don't now, pray? When will you ever know anything, Mr. Inch?" The Professor thrust out his beard, which bristled savagely.

Inch showed unmistakable signs of retiring into his coat again, so the Professor rose from his seat and descended to the benches. In his left hand he held his class-book; with his right hand he underscored his words as they flowed tremulous with long-suppressed irritation.

"Mr. Inch," he said—"Mr. Inch, I give you a lesson. See! Here it stands before you in this text-book. Plain as the nose on your face, it stands there, in black and white. Twenty-four hours have you had to study it—*twenty-four hours*, sir, have you had to learn something of this Christian Renaissance, and when I ask you the simplest question, Mr. Inch—Pst! what is your answer?"

"But, Professor—"

"Mr. Inch. Listen. I am paid to teach you. Your father pays to send you here. I do my best, but what comes of it? What comes of it? I might talk here till my voice c-rack-ed in my throat, Mr. Inch, and you would stand there and tell me you do not know!"

"I know, Professor, but—"

"Mr. Inch, I am speaking. Listen to me."

The Professor took a step nearer, the thunder gathering in his voice.

the lightning flashing from his eyes. With his long forefinger he pointed to the book Inch held in his hand.

"Mr. Inch, there is a book. Its pages glow, sir, with the story of English literature—the story of men who wrote their immortal souls into prose and poetry. For you and me they wrote, Mr. Inch. Many of them suffered cold and hunger and the scorn and wrath of their fellow-men. And how do you reward them? How do you reward them, Mr. Inch? These great men, the greatest minds of your race, sir; these men of your own blood!—how do you reward them? What do you care, Mr. Inch, how they wrote or suffered?"

The Professor rose upon his toes and struck his class-book with his clenched fist.

"If—you—don't—care—now, Mr. Inch, when will you care? Never! That's when, Mr. Inch. Ha! that's when. Pst! Bah!"

The Professor strode to his desk, thrusting his fractious shirt cuffs into his sleeves. Inch smiled a sickly, ghostlike smile and retired into his coat. With beating heart you watched the Professor reopen his class-book. There was a panic in your breast. You wet your lips till—

"Mr. Jones," he said.

"I don't know, sir," weakly.

You glanced wonderingly at the first bluffer.

"Don't know, sir?" cried the Professor, bristling again. "Don't know! Pst! Mr. King."

The second bluffer rose slowly from his seat.

"Well!" he said, clearing his throat, "the Christian Renaissance had a very good effect, I think, on the whole, sir."

"Good effect, Mr. King? Good effect, sir. What do you mean by a good effect? What nonsense is this? Good effect on whom? Good effect on what?"

"On the Christians, sir."

The Professor bounded from his chair.

"The Christians!" he shrieked. "The Christians!" and sank back again, his face purpling. "Well, well, now, that's remarkable, Mr. King. That is wonderful, sir. The Christian Renaissance had a good effect, on the whole, on the Christians! Mr. King, you should write that down. You should write a monograph on that. It would shake the whole civilized world, sir, as it has just now shaken me. But you may sit down, sir. I would not further disturb your thoughts to-day. They are too high for the class-room, sir. For pure, unadulterated idiocy, Mr. King, I assure you they are sublime!"

The Professor pushed back his class-book wearily. His eyes swept

the class from end to end. You knew by the pricking of your skin that they rested upon you.

"Now, Mr. Lee," he said gently, "the hour is passing, and we are not making much of this Christian Renaissance. Let us hear something sensible."

You rose desperately to your feet, your legs hollow and faint beneath you.

"Well, now!" said the Professor.

"Professor," you said, bracing yourself—and oddly enough your thoughts dwelt for a moment with your eyes on the scarlet hair-ribbon of a girl on the seat in front. "Professor," you said again, vainly endeavoring to recall a single word of the lesson you had tried to swallow at a gulp—"begging your pardon, sir, I don't agree with the author on the subject of the Christian Renaissance."

For a moment silence reigned in the class-room. You could feel the wondering eyes upon you.

"Don't agree, sir? What do you mean by that? In what do you disagree regarding the Christian Renaissance?"

With one corner of your eye you caught the face of the clock. Ten minutes more and the gong would set you free. The class was hanging on your words. The faces of the M's and N's in particular were turned to you appealingly.

"Go on, for Heaven's sake!" whispered Billie Moore, plucking at your coat tail. "Keep the old man going."

"Explain yourself," urged the Professor, deferentially. You turned determinedly.

"Well, sir, take Bunyan, for example."

"Bunyan—yes. Go on."

"From the standpoint of a man of to-day, sir—"

"That's good. 'From the standpoint of a man of to-day.' Go on."

You cleared your throat.

"From the standpoint of a man of to-day, sir, I think Bunyan greatly overrated."

"Overrated, Mr. Lee? That's a large statement. Remember the influence the Pilgrim's Progress had upon England. But go on, sir. Explain yourself."

"Well, sir, I'm only a young man, of course, and my views may seem foolish to you—"

"Foolish, Mr. Lee? Not at all, sir, I assure you. It's the young men without views that I am condemning." Here the Professor glared at Inch. "Better have erroneous views, Mr. Lee, than none at all. Go on, sir."

"Well," you continued, warming to your work as you caught the joy in ten pairs of eyes—"Well, sir, com-

pare Bunyan with some of our modern writers. Take Kipling, for instance."

"Kipling, Mr. Lee. That would be an odd comparison."

"That is true, Professor. You may well call it odd."

Billie Moore snickered aloud. The Professor pounced upon him with his eyes.

"I fail to observe anything humorous, Mr. Moore," he said, witheringly. Billie Moore bent over double and hid his face in his hands.

"I was saying, Professor—when Mr. Moore interrupted me—that a comparison between Mr. Bunyan and Mr. Kipling might well seem odd, sir, and I defend it only on the ground that—er—er—we are apt to take the geniuses of the past too much for granted."

The Professor frowned slightly, but bent his best ear to you as a sign that he would be glad to understand.

"That is, sir," you went on, even daring a little explanatory gesture, in spite of suppressed emotion on the front seat, "we are apt to accept the geniuses of the past because our grandfathers did. Now, I maintain that we should try to see them through our own eyes and in the light—er—er—of these later times."

"True, Mr. Lee," cried the Professor, coming down from his desk, his eyes gleaming. "Very good, sir. I am particularly desirous that you shall not accept the conclusions of the text-books without careful consideration."

"Yes, sir," you replied, smiling approval. "That is my idea exactly, sir—only much better expressed."

"No, no, Mr. Lee," protested the Professor, with a slight inclination of his head. "You express yourself very clearly. But hasten. It is almost time for the gong."

"I was about to say, sir— Take Mr. Kipling. Take his remarkable creations—Mr. Mulvaney, Mr. Orthier and Mr. Learoyd. They are masterly, sir. Every word clear cut. Not a word too little. Not a word too much. The crude, ignorant, profane soldiers stand before you as in their uniforms. You—"

"Very good, Mr. Lee. But do I understand you to maintain that Mr. Kipling is superior to Mr. Bunyan?"

"I was just coming to that, Professor. I—"

Clang!

It was the gong.

The class rose in suppressed merriment with a flutter of papers. The Professor, however, stopped them at the door.

"I am sorry," he said, "that we have so little time for this interesting subject. Half our lesson is wasted by pupils who do not know their

lessons. The other half is not half long enough for the interesting discussions raised by students who seriously devote themselves to their work. We will take for to-morrow the Christian Renaissance, and for a special topic we will compare Bunyan and Kipling. Mind, I do not say that such a comparison can be made with justice to either man. But it may prove profitable, and I am grateful that at least one member of our class manifests an intelligent and fearless interest in this great and noble study of English literature. You are dismissed."—From Harper's Weekly.

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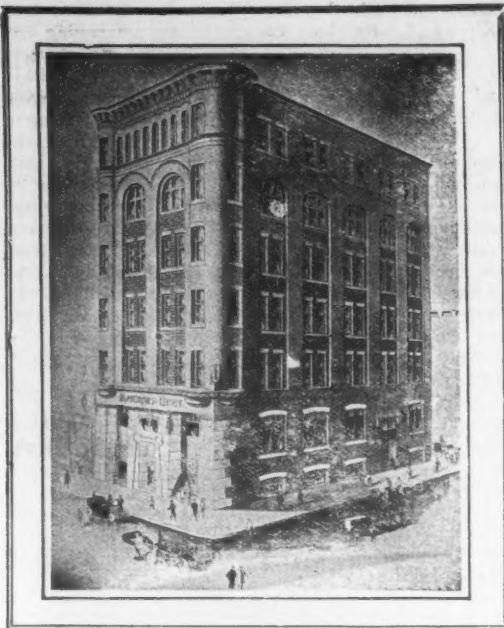
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## !?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

### SIR WILFRID AND THE INTERVIEWERS.

ONE of the lessons of statesmanship learned early in his career by Sir Wilfrid Laurier was that the newspaper interview is a thing to be avoided. An old newspaperman himself, he likes to meet newspapermen and talk with them. Indeed, he has never been known to turn away any reporter desirous of seeking an interview, and few men can be so agreeable, interesting and urbane under the ordeal. Yet it is safe to say that no man has been so often "interviewed" with such barren results—that is, barren from a newspaper point of view. How he contrives to evade the fate that perpetually pursues other public men is a secret of his personality that in itself marks him out as no ordinary type.

Some years ago John Foster Fraser, the well-known English globe-trotter and journalist, came to Canada to gather material for his book, "Canada As It Is." What was more natural than that he should seek out the Premier, and endeavor to obtain from the fountain head some views and impressions of the Dominion politics, progress and aspirations?

Twice, as he tells his readers, he had the pleasure of meeting Sir Wilfrid. But beyond a striking thumbnail description of the Premier's personality, the only result of those two interviews is the statement that "we had a long talk about preference between Canada and Great Britain," which the reader will, no doubt, regard as highly informative.

Another well-known English journalist, who is at present in Canada writing a series of articles for a London newspaper, had an experience with Sir Wilfrid the other day, which furnishes a rather amusing illustration of the Premier's diplomacy. The journalist from London, having expressed his intentions of interviewing Sir Wilfrid, was informed by some of his Canadian professional brethren, who know the Premier's ways, that he might save himself the trouble, as Sir Wilfrid never gave interviews. But the visiting scribe thought he knew better. Had he not successfully interviewed greater men than Canada's Premier, and, besides, did it follow that because Sir Wilfrid might not condescend to talk to Canadian newspapermen he would refuse to unbosom himself to the far-travelled representative of a great English journal?

To find the opportunity was an easy matter, for it so happened that Sir Wilfrid was spending a week-end in Toronto between stages of his tour through Western Ontario. The English journalist accordingly hid himself to the Union Station where he found the Premier resting in the comfortable seclusion of his private car. It may have been that Sir Wilfrid was in the mood for some diversion. At any rate nothing could have been more efficacious than his welcome of the would-be interviewer, who, to his great delight, if not surprise, quickly found himself plunged into the most entertaining and instructive conversation.

Sir Wilfrid passed from one topic to another with a facility which reminded the interviewer of Gladstone at

his best. He talked of English newspapers, of British politics, of the British statesmen he had met. He discussed the relation of journalism to literature, and, in response to leading questions, freely confided his opinion of Mr. Asquith's attitude towards the Eucharistic procession, of Home Rule, of the labor movement, and of many other topics of the day.

The journalist beheld visions of an interview, or rather a series of interviews, which would set the Empire ablaze. He congratulated himself upon having obtained the "scoop" of his career. In fancy he saw columns in his paper, every paragraph of which contained a Cabinet secret, or something as precious. His brain began to fairly bulge with the information which Sir Wilfrid was literally throwing at him, and when the Premier switched on to the Dominion elections, gave his forecast of the results, dissected Canadian politics, and divulged his views upon the position of the Dominion in regard to the defence of the Empire, the already satiated interviewer could scarcely contain himself.

Thus Sir Wilfrid talked for an hour or more, and then he rose. "I am sorry," he said, with that generous smile which his friends know so well, "that our talk has been so short. I have enjoyed your conversation very much indeed. I should have liked to hear more about your travels, but I must now bid you good-bye."

"Really, Sir Wilfrid," replied the interviewer as he shook hands, "I don't know how to thank you. Shall I send you a paper?"

"A paper?" returned Sir Wilfrid, "Oh! I see. My dear sir, I have been delighted with your conversation, but anything I have said is, of course, not for publication. You see I never grant an interview!"

The interviewer has not yet recovered his equilibrium.

"I was never so badly fooled in all my career," he afterwards assured a sympathetic friend.

### HOW WHITNEY APPEARED TO MONTREALERS.

SIR JAMES WHITNEY has, among other places, been speaking in Montreal, or rather in Westmount, the finest English-speaking residential suburb of the city. Westmount is part of the electoral division of Hochelaga, and, with the exception of this part, the division is overwhelmingly French-Canadian and Laurier. Westmount is capable of giving a Conservative majority of four or five hundred. Placing Westmount in such a constituency is not altogether an equitable arrangement, but probably when the next distribution takes place the town will be large enough to have a member of its own.

At these meetings were many people who then, for the first time set eyes on the bustling, earnest, self-confident little gentleman who is now the chief occupant of the seats of the mighty in Queen's Park. One seeing him for the first time could not fail to observe some of his characteristic mannerisms. Sir James Whitney had beside him on the platform a black brief-bag, and when he was called upon to speak the first thing he did was to suddenly dive into the bag and pull out half a dozen sheets of paper which he then vehemently threw on the table, the whole thing being done with an air which seemed to say: "Well, there's the ammunition with which I put the Grits to rout!" The curious part of it was that he made so little use of the notes which he had produced with so much ostentation. He put aside his notes as a boxer might his gloves, and went at the Government with bare fists.

Sir James appears to possess some of the arts of the professional humorist—the thrusting of his hands deep down into his trousers' pockets, the drooping of the head, the lowering of the voice to a conversational tone just as he comes to the funny point he is scoring against an adversary. He told the people of Westmount of the eighteen long years of Liberal opposition, and of all they then promised to do should power ever be theirs.

"In those days," said he, Sir Richard Cartwright used to go up and down the land roaring like a lion seeking whom he might devour. I don't know that he wanted to devour anybody, but he certainly looked that way. That was years ago and — well, Sir Richard is at it yet."

One thing is certain, those who heard Mr. Whitney were not disappointed, and after witnessing the energy he put into his speeches for others, away from home, one could easily imagine what he must be at home when fighting his own battles.

### HUMORS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

A CANDIDATE of considerable prominence who is running in an eastern Ontario constituency recently had an experience of the kind that, though unpleasant, must be endured with patience by men who seek the votes of the enlightened electorate.

He had been campaigning in a covered automobile, and late one night was returning in his car with a little group of his chief workers, from a distant meeting. One of the party, in the course of his labors, had managed to accumulate more than was good for him of the beverages which, while they may cheer, also inebriate. By way of diversion he insisted in hanging his feet out of the window of the motor car and placing his head on the candidate's bosom. The latter strenuously objected, whereupon the intoxicated gentleman responded:

"If it wasn't your motor car I'd hang my head out of the window and put my feet in your chest."

It was impossible to resist this reasoning, and seeing his triumph, the bibulous person was heard to ejaculate every five minutes: "Gee, ain't I logical?"

The same worker was in a committee room one day when a man whose name was Giles came in and enquired whether his name was on the voters' list. The worker looked through the lists and declared that it was not. The voter was not convinced and took a look for himself. He was not long in finding it and pointed it out.

"A name like that ought to be spelt two ways on the book," declared the worker. "Here I was looking among the J's all the time."

### A LADY OF GIFTS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

THE late Mrs. John A. Paterson, whose tragic death occurred a week ago, was a lady of wide and singular accomplishments, and of a mentality rare in either sex. She was able in her own person to prove that wide activities do not unfit a woman for the affectionate care and careful rearing of a family. As an active force in various women's organizations, the range of her duties brought her into many spheres. Deeply devoted to the work of organized charity, she also took a keen and critical interest in all forms of art, and her interest in such things was not the chatter and gush which, justly

or unjustly, the practitioners of such art associate with the feminine mind.

Music, literature, the theatre, painting, and especially "applied art," in which so healthy an interest has developed of late, found in her a sane, yet earnest devotee. With the latter movement which is just beginning to bear fruit, as the Woman's building at the recent Exhibition gave testimony, she had much to do, and it is said that was herself skilled in the more exquisite manifestations of craftsmanship. She was, in fact, a woman who united executive ability and beauty tastes and accomplishments with those less rare, but beautiful attributes commonly associated with womanhood.

### MR. BRISTOL AND THE STUDENTS.

A FORMER inmate of the old University Residence recalls an episode of the days when Mr. Edmund Bristol, now Conservative candidate in Centre Toronto, also made his home there.

Up to a comparatively recent period it was customary to allow students, after graduating, to retain their quarters in residence, so long as there was no demand from under-graduates for them.

Consequently a number of gentlemen who had become attached to Residence, its surroundings and associations, continued to reside there for several years after their student life was over; among these was Mr. Bristol. The attractions of Residence, however, were at times counter-balanced by the pranks of the student inmates. It is well known that students are apt to regard themselves as exempt from the laws which regulate the lives of other citizens, and the graduates, whom contact with the world at large had served to tame came frequently in collision with this sentiment.

It is related that on one occasion Mr. Bristol had early in the autumn indulged in the purchase of a dozen fine shirts for evening wear. Their delivery was promptly noticed by a group of students on the first floor, and thereafter, for the next fortnight or so, whenever a youth felt the need of a clean shirt he would slip into the young barrister's quarters and put on some of the fine linen.

They did not steal the shirts, for as soon as one of them became too soiled for wear it was carefully restored to the drawer from which it had been taken. In this way the whole reserve was used. One night Mr. Bristol, having occasion to wear evening dress, sought out the supply he had purchased, and the air was rent with sounds of wrath when his gaze met the drawer full of soiled laundry.

No doubt it was the episodes of this kind, not infrequent in the old Residence that finally induced the graduated inmates to move away.

### JONES AND SMITH IN POLITICS.

"BYSTANDER," writing in The News, of St. Johns, Que., has this to say concerning the influence of personality in politics:

You cannot escape personality, and we will vote for Jones, not because he has principles, but because we know and like the man.

We will return Jones, not because he is wise or able or philosophical, but because he will get the Town Pump repaired.

You can afford, too, to consider personality so long as you have no burning question. If your vote decided the tremendous question of peace or war, the man would dwindle, and the issue would bulk.

As it is merely a matter of bookkeeping, Jones can afford to deal with the bridge, the wharf, the post office. These things play their part, have their weight. The post office will decide the issue between Jones and Smith. Principles? Have you heard anybody referring to principle during the campaign?

The question is—how much did Brown get out of the deal? How many sly aces has Jones in his hip pocket? Did we not, too, have "graft" way back in the dusty past? Were the Conservatives not wicked fellows eighty years ago? Rake up their records.

Present the damning story with unctuous virtue.

What a thrill it gives us to learn that Jones got four prices and took them and boasted of it? The truth is, we are gossips. We love scandal. We roll the tit-bit under our tongue like a sweet morsel. Principles are cold and academic; but Smith we know. Anything that concerns Smith we are frankly interested in.

He has lived among us all his life. We know his



LORD NORTHCLIFFE

England's wealthiest and best known newspaper proprietor, Lord Northcliffe (Alfred Harmsworth), has been in Toronto this week, and addressed the Canadian Club on Friday. He began life without a penny, introduced new journalistic methods in London, and won fortune and a peerage. He is yet a young man, pushing on to new achievements. His present visit to Canada is thought to be for the purpose of securing pulpwood lands, to supplement the supply of paper-making pulp he is already manufacturing from his Newfoundland properties.

family. We are concerned with the clothes he wears. We do not expect grim wisdom perhaps from him; but we admire him for his limitations. If he were great, we could not get near him. We could not get to the bottom of his thought. But Smith—our own Smith—why, we have gauged his mentality to a dot.

You can think triflingly when it is a question merely of two and two are four. Were we a world power, Smith and Jones would dwindle to nothingness, and the question would bulk to a terrifying size.

It is well, perhaps, that we are not coerced by the size of our issues. At the same time, so long as we continue to put personality before principle, we will be parochial in our outlook. We would need large issues for breadth. We will get them, too, in due course.

### WHEN BOURASSA RAISED HIS FIST.

MR. HENRI BOURASSA, the eloquent nightmare of the Gouin government, has at length broken from the retirement into which he dramatically plunged after his victory over the Provincial Premier in June last, and once more sports his laurels and displays his fervid oratory on the public platform. Richard is himself again.

It so happens that, as the Federal campaign is going on, a seat in the Quebec Legislature is vacant. The member for Rouville, the solid French-Canadian county that the Hon. Mr. Brodeur represents at Ottawa, has gone to his reward—not in another and better world, but right here in Quebec—his reward consisting of a snug position in one of the Superior Courts. The vacancy is to be filled, and the Provincial and Federal elections in Rouville are to be held on the same day. The Gouin government of course have a candidate in the field, and Mr. Bourassa has found a man willing to serve his province in the cool shades of opposition, provided the electors of Rouville will give him a majority of their votes.

A few days ago the belligerents and their forces met in a small country village, and from the same platform exchanged opinions respecting one another. The government phalanx was led by the Hon. Charles Devlin, while Mr. Bourassa was the Prince Rupert of the other side. During the meeting an incident occurred that seems to indicate that these two men are to each other what flint is to steel. Some day the spark will be struck.

When speaking on a platform in the presence of an opponent, Mr. Bourassa has the habit—and it is rather an unbecoming one in a gentleman of seigniorial extraction—of going up to his opponent and shaking his fist practically under the latter's nose, just as he is making the clinching part of his argument. On this occasion he practised this upon the government candidate, who was sitting alongside of Mr. Devlin. It was too much for the latter to stand, in fact, too much for any Irishman to stand, and in an instant Mr. Devlin was on his feet, and within good comfortable striking distance of Mr. Bourassa.

"Put down your fist, Mr. Bourassa; put it down, I say, or I'll put it down for you!" cried Mr. Devlin.

Mr. Bourassa paused in his oration and looked at Mr. Devlin. No doubt he saw determination in the latter's face, and perhaps he saw something more. Down came his menacing fist, and turning back to his audience he continued his speech.

Mr. Devlin resumed his seat, evidently highly pleased with having giving the scion of a seignior a lesson in platform manners.

### AN EXTREME ROAST FOR FOSTER.

EAST and west the Liberals seem to delight in baiting the Hon. George E. Foster. From far St. John comes a story which is about the most humorous that has been told against the one-time Finance Minister, during the present campaign. Mr. E. H. McAlpine was addressing a meeting in the north end of St. John one evening recently, and this is the story he told:

"Up the river there are a number of districts in which Scripture names are popular. There is a place called New Jerusalem, and not far away is New Canaan, and so on. In these parts, very appropriately, a good deal of religion is talked, and frequently in the winter time religious revivals break out. Well, one winter the epidemic started in earnest at New Jerusalem. Young and old attended the meetings and many converts were 'going to the front.' There was a young man in the place who was courting a girl, and he thought he would make a better impression on her if he got religion. So one evening he was sore afflicted. His conscience weighed heavily upon him when he thought of his many sins. People were making various kinds of appeals, and this young man joined the chorus. With tears in his eyes, and head bowed in sorrow, he loudly confessed the many sins he had committed, but there seemed then no hope for such as he.

"Then came a pause. A sudden thought struck him, and his face brightened.

"But," said he, 'I never voted for Foster.'

"The burden fell from his shoulders; he stood upright, a man among men, for this one qualification seemed to blot out the guilt of many of those sins which he had committed."

### ANOTHER McLAREN STORY.

McLAREN, the lumber king, touching whom several stories have lately been told on this page, owned, about thirty years ago, a valuable timber limit, which he was willing to sell, for one million dollars—quite a sum of money thirty years ago. A prospective buyer appeared, and the deal finally simmered down to a question of price. The sale was concluded out in the bush, at a small tavern kept by a man who had formerly served McLaren as bush-ranger. When in doubt, or desirous of gaining time, the big lumberman found it convenient to step into the bar-room for a word with his host. The first report was:

"Sandy, he's offering eight hundred thousand, but I cannot let her go for less than a million. I'll take a little whisky, Sandy," and the dealer in round figures pushed five cents across the bar.

After further negotiations he returned and remarked: "Sandy, he's coming along! It's nine hundred thousand he offers now, but I must have my price. A little more whisky." And another five cents crossed the bar.

An hour later McLaren and his customer both appeared. "Well, Sandy," said the lumber king. "I've sold her—nine hundred thousand dollars! It's a shame to let her go, but I could not be talking all day about a hundred thousand dollars. And now, Sandy, you may open a bottle of beer."

Crisis No. 43,617 is now current in the Balkans, remarks the New York World.



## THE SOUTHWARD TRAIL



BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON

WINTER is already prowling along the margin of the prairies. The impress of its moccasined feet glitters in hoar frost about the bluffs and coulees. The keen, stinging whirr of its wings comes driving up the level lands, beating the still, cold atmosphere into a fury of north-east winds, and fan against the rim of the southern horizon is autumn, throwing backward a good-bye glance as she takes the southward trail. It all sounds forbidding to wayfaring humans, but not so to the tiny ears of the little people of the prairies, to whom the warning note of winter comes as a majestic overture, heralding warm enwrapping snows, and Nature's wonderful provision of a thicker coat of fur that will turn the whistling winds from their fat little bodies, and leave them none the worse for zero weather.

The wild fowl are flocking in vast numbers on the sloughs, taking their last dip in these northern waters, before the ice surfaces drive them to warmer latitudes. Fat little teal and plump mallards are fraternizing in the common interest of the good-bye week, which closes a long beautiful summer in the rare airs of the north-land. Far above, the swarms of water-fowl circle a glorious company of graceful birds. The human eye can scarcely detect them, for distance has blurred their huge forms to but specks against the blue; but the clear piping of their wild whistle reaches the ear like the note of a flageolet. They are a wondrous company, these sand-hill cranes, that are taking leave of the prairies for the pampas, and their far, high voices hold a hint of farewell as they circle slowly, slowly, southward.

But down in the sloughs are some busy brown coated lovers of the north, who have no idea of migrating from their homes in the arid Alkali waters. For weeks the wise little muskrats have labored like beavers, preparing for the onslaught of winter. The result is that every slough from the Red River to the Rockies is peopled with an industrious tribe of furred homesteaders, whose snug little houses, deftly fashioned of wattles, mud, and wild grasses, poke their numberless brown roofs above the water-line, which freezes every night in these late autumn weeks and thaws again at sun-up. But should a specially severe November frost bridge the slough with ice the long day through, the knowing little home builders will emerge in scores, and, wrapped in overcoats already growing thick and silky for winter protection, they will huddle like brown pom-poms on their thin coating of ice, on the sunny side of their houses, luxuriating in the warmth and comfort of a southern exposure.

Bordering the muskrats the silvery leaves of the wolf-willow are already stiffening with the cold, rustling with a sweet staccato melody in response to every sweep of wind across the plains. The shy wild prairie hens start erect and alert at every whispering leaf, for the Hunter's Moon is swinging toward the western horizon, and to be wary is to be wise. But a wealth of wild rose seed berries, are too alluringly scarlet and spicy to be left because of murmuring cotton-woods, poplars, and wolf-willows. So the hunted one, with sharpening wits and timid heart, still lingers amongst the rose-berries fattening and profiting on this memory of a long-ago dead, June blossom.

Sunset on the plains, and the far wild bark of a coyote heralds in the night. He is prowling up the rim of a distant coulee, hunger-driven to the carcass of some weakling steer his fangs have not yet finished. Like the muskrat, he, too, disdains the southward trail. His bleached and shaggy coat is now a uniform yellowish-grey, two inches in thickness—a royal wrap wherein to face the coming blizzards. As he howls up the edge of night, some distant brother answers, his voice rising in the north-wind like the cry of a haunted soul. Soon the two vagabonds are padding up the trailless waste towards the carrion, their eyes green-fired and lustful, their fangs foaming, their red tongues dripping. In the popular bluffs the great horned owl hoots his greeting as they pass. He has changed his hot weather suit of russet feathers for a garment of dazzling white in anticipation of coming snows, for his instinct of self-preservation is unerring, and he suits his wardrobe to the season. His little brother, the weasel, has also learned this same precaution, for with the first flurry of snow he clothes himself as an ermine, and disports his robes of state with delightful indifference, that his silky lily-white, lemon and jet garment may someday border the court train of a queen. He is the much desired of traders and trappers, but with inborn coquetry he eludes the pursuer, leading him a merry dance for many a wintry moon. Then, just as the late March days make him bold with hunger, and he is almost within the grasp of human greed—presto! he changes, and assumes once more the self-protecting garb of the common north-west weasel.

Yet another little brother belongs to this wise society of precautionists. That is the jaunty jack-rabbit, who gladly lays aside his vesture of butter-nut brown when the trees discard their leaves. He, too, arranges with Dame Nature for an overcoat white as the frozen trails down which he gaily leaps across untold miles. His disguise is so unique that it fails to be a disguise at all, and in this very failure is a success; thus is our friend, the jack-rabbit a bit of a paradox. But, nevertheless, he outwits the keenest hunter, the greediest trapper, for he is a snow-ball rolled in snow, and he laughs and twitches his long ears gaily the frozen winter through. And there is, small chance of making this merry fellow into a pot-pie so long as his Christmas coat enfolds him from his sensitive shell-tinted nose to his little powder puff of a tail.

A distant kinsman of his—the gopher—does not care to share his wintry escapades, however. This jolly little prairie comedian much prefers the warmth of his burrow. Consequently he does not bother about winter wardrobes. One suit of clothes will do him the long year round. But, although not fond of dress or fashion, he certainly loves the larder. For weeks he has tormented the toiling north-west farmer, running riot through the grain fields, stealing, thieving, glundering

from the precious stores of "Number 1, Hard," until his provision for the winter months has salted down hoards in his household and laid layers of fat around his greedy little body. Soon we shall miss his small, beady, impudent eyes peering from behind some depleted stook, while he sits erect on his haunches, his tiny "hands" drooping innocently beneath his throat, his entire little person so like a picketing peg that he deceives even the old-timer. He has no fear of humans, for he has never been one of the hunted. In this particular he has no relatives in the prairie country, unless they are the noble little colony of beavers that build and plan and build again in the Qu'Appelle and other glorious valleys. The seven close seasons to come have insured progeny and playtime to the royal little animals that crest the arms of the great Dominion.

Leagues westward, where the plains bubble into the foot-hills, and these in turn rise into the Rockies, the cinnamon bear and his black brother are having a last nip at ripened berries, before taking up winter residence in their dens. The lynx is growing his snow-shoes of silvery fringe about his feet. His claws are embedded in feathery grey, and many the snow-shrouded crag and canon that he will scale, that were it not for these same snowshoes he would never dare attempt.

But during these brief Indian summer days there is one imperial creature missing from amongst the peoples of the prairies, the shadowy buffalo trails are calling out pathetically for the vanished hoofs that etched their outlines. Far off the pungent smoke of the late prairie

homes of its citizens. This residence (notes Canadian Life and Resources) was built a few years ago, and when the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick was a member of the Government he lived here. Two years ago it was purchased by Mr. Borden, and since then it has been the Ottawa home of the leader of the Opposition, and one of the centres of the brilliant social life of the Capital. All Canada knows of Mr. Borden as a public man and a lawyer, but few know that like so many other men who have achieved distinction, Mr. Borden was once a teacher. After completing his classical education he was for a time one of the professors in Glenwood Institute, New Jersey. Returning to Halifax he studied law, was called to the bar and soon rose to the head of the profession. Mr. Borden was born at Grand Pre in "the land of Evangeline." He has another beautiful residence in Halifax, where he resided until his arduous duties as a party leader compelled him to make his home in the Federal Capital.

## ARISTOCRATS WHO HAVE DISAPPEARED IN CANADA

ONE of those dramas which furnish the romance to so many of the houses of the Old World aristocracy is said to lie at the back of the demand which has just been made upon the provincial authorities of British Columbia to resume, after the lapse of ten years, the investigation into the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Sir Arthur Curtis, third baronet of his line, who vanished

murdered Curtis, and brings the chapter to a conclusion by referring to reports that Sir Arthur had subsequently been seen alive in England. He likewise adds that he knows nothing positively of the remains of the missing baronet ever having been found.

Another member of the expedition, G. W. Cole, a veteran miner, likewise expressed the conviction in the Press of Vancouver and elsewhere in Canada that the baronet was not dead. He declared that he had heard Sir Arthur say that he meant to slip away from the expedition, and claims that Curtis would change his name. G. W. Cole added that it was nearly impossible for a man having an Indian guide, to be lost in the country beyond Mud River, where Sir Arthur vanished.

It is said that in the remote regions of North-western Canada are to be found to-day the clues to many disappearances as mysterious as that of Sir Arthur Curtis, of men bearing well-known names, once prominent in English life, who have, in consequence of financial trouble, of some unfortunate romance, or some scrape of one kind or another, preferred to disappear, starting an altogether new existence in the New World, completely obliterating their past.

Long is the list of men who have thus vanished, among the best known cases being those of Sir Robert Tichborne, of the elder brother of the present Earl of Aberdeen, Viceroy of Ireland, and of the ex-Duke John of Austria.

## Fox Hunting in England.

SYDNEY BROOKS contributes to Harper's Weekly an interesting account of the enormous expense of fox-hunting in "the Shires," the name by which the best hunting district of England is known. "There are probably in the United Kingdom two hundred and thirty thousand hunters," he says, "that cost their owners originally not less than seventy or eighty million dollars, and that involve a yearly expenditure of at least forty. More than one hunt in the Shires spends fifty thousand dollars a year, and a great many spend over twenty thousand. A well-known master of the foxhounds has put the cost of maintaining a popular pack at two thousand five hundred dollars a year for every hunting day. The compensation funds, the wages and clothing of the horsemen and whippers-in, the grooms, and the kennelmen, and the expenditure on forage and meat for horse and hound, when added together make it appear probable that the direct outlay on fox-hunting is hardly less than fifty or sixty million dollars a year."

Although the fox is so much in demand in England, he is afforded no protection by the law. Anyone may kill a fox whenever and wherever he finds him, and although the hunting men will gnash their teeth and think unutterable things, their rage will be entirely impotent. As a matter of fact, foxes are very seldom killed in England, even when they are caught in the chicken roost, but their immunity is due to calculation and not to sentiment. Every villager knows that he can get double value for every chicken whose death can be laid at the door of a fox, and the evidence of the dark deed need not be too conclusive. The farmer's boy knows where the fox den is to be found even better than the huntsman, and a refusal to pay, and to pay liberally, for damage done would simply result in the ruthless extirpation of a litter of cubs that would provide sport for a season. So the huntsman simply pays up and tries to look pleasant, and when the farmer hears the fox at his fell work in the hen house he simply turns over in bed and thanks Providence for an opportunity to sell his hens without taking them to market and at a price far beyond the current figures.

## A Defence of the Shacktowners.

TORONTO, OCT. 21.

Editor Saturday Night: Referring to your "Conversation in Shacktown" on page 11 of last issue, I take it of course that this reported interview is somewhat of a ghost story, intended to point a moral, complimentary to our Canadian woman, but unfortunately the story is accepted in another light by many with whom I have spoken, and the opinion is expressed that SATURDAY NIGHT made a mistake in portraying a brutal character as a type of "Shacktown" residents, and I am sure you will be the first to acknowledge the error and apologize to those so grossly libeled.

The type described in the interview certainly does not exist, to my knowledge amongst our recently arrived citizen "shackers," and, having a somewhat extended means of knowing, I would ask you if such a character as you describe would be likely to provide even a "shack" for his family, or show them any attention.

With others, who are at times professionally acquainted with "Shacktown," we consider the "shacker" an honest and hard-working man, and his honesty is shown by his purchasing only that for which he can pay out of his own and his wife's savings, and it would be difficult to find a brute willing to work late into the night to cover his loved ones and commence an honorable standing as a freeholder of Toronto. Should not such a citizen be respected? He buys only that which he can pay cash for, and you will not find his name figure on the debt collector's lists.

Such men will in a few years be our leading citizens, and most of those who to-day are looked upon as our great ones, spring from similar stock, otherwise they would never have honestly become wealthy.

If, however, you insist upon the story being true, I think, then, that in the interests of our fellow citizens, you should give details, so that steps may be taken to deport this man as an undesirable emigrant.

Take another think, Mr. Editor, and decide which class of citizens is of the greater value to us: One of these pay-as-you-go "Shackers" or the affluent householder who orders provisions liberally and neglects to pay the butcher? We have an instance close by where a young and energetic tradesman was forced to assign, being unable to collect his bills from "swell" families, but had not one bad debt from a shacker to show. I enclose my card.

BRITISH-CANADIAN.

(NOTE.—Our correspondent takes too seriously the contribution published last week. It was, we understand, based on a real conversation overheard by the writer, in which a recent arrival expressed his disgust at the way Canadian women were encouraging their wife to stand up for herself against his lordship.—Editor.)

Massey Hall will be the fashionable gathering place on Monday evening next when the election returns will be read from the special wires running to the hall. Those two most popular artists, Mr. H. Ruthven McDonald, baritone, and Mr. Owen A. Smiley, will contribute to the programme. The leading city candidates will speak.



WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE ARMOURIES

"QUEEN'S OWN," TORONTO.

From a drawing by C. H. Duncan.

fires twists itself into scarfs of chiffon that the imagination peoples with an army with drifting grey plumes in their helmets. But never more before that sweeping prairie fire will thunder the royal herds. Only the circled stamping-stones, the wandering indigenous trails whisper like echoes, of the lost kings of the level lands. The heart may long until it aches, the eye may watch until it blurs, but the empty horizon only proclaims a never-coming herd of buffalo.

The inevitable night is drawing very near, when through the twilight shall come the "honk" of a nearing band of sky-farers that will whirl overhead on their hurried journey sunwards. For they leave the northland regretfully, these loyal battalions of grey geese and waxes, and the palid lantern of the Hunter's Moon is burning very low before they gather in their V-ing flight. They are the last to say good-bye—the very last to take the Southward Trail.

Mr. Borden's Ottawa Home.

THE Ottawa residence of Mr. R. L. Borden is situated about a mile east of Parliament Hill, near the Rideau River. It is surrounded by spacious grounds containing an abundance of trees, flowers and shrubbery, which in almost every residential part of Ottawa delight the eye, and so largely add to the beauty of the

in June, 1898, with an Indian guide, while on his way from Ashcroft, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the Klondike.

Six months later (writes "Marquise de Fontenoy," a contributor of notes on notabilities to a New York paper) Lady Curtis applied to the courts in London, for leave to presume her husband's demise, and, although no definite evidence was ever produced that he was really dead, beyond the fact that he had wandered away from his companions and had disappeared from view without leaving any trace, the decree was granted, and not long afterwards, Lady Curtis, whose only boy, Roger, had thus become fourth baronet, married Col. Robert M. Brady, of Bunrana, Donegal, nephew and heir to the baronetcy of Sir Francis Brady, and by whom she has several children.

The young baronet came of age a few years ago, and there is reason to believe that he is just as little satisfied as are other people of the fact that his father is really dead. He is not living with his mother or stepfather, but is understood to be on this side of the Atlantic, and it is assumed by many that it is he who is the relative who has urged the British Columbia authorities to resume the investigation. The only other remaining member of this house of Curtis is his granduncle, Septimus Curtis, now a very old man, nearly 90 years of age, and who is at home in England.

The expedition with which Sir Arthur Curtis was travelling, when he disappeared, was commanded by Roger Pocock, founder of the Legion of Frontiersmen, and in his book entitled "The Frontiersman," published a couple of years ago by Gay & Hancock in London, he devotes a chapter to this episode in his life.

He speaks very highly of Sir Arthur Curtis, whom he refers to under the initial "C," and relates how he, being out of sorts, spoke roughly and brutally to Curtis without any reason. Taking all the blame upon himself, Pocock declares in his book that he gave utterance to words that could never be withdrawn or forgiven, and how, during the same night, Sir Arthur wandered away into the woods and was never seen again.

He relates that for ten days he and his party sought Sir Arthur without finding any clue, and that then, their provisions having run out, they were obliged to abandon the hopeless quest.

Pocock describes in his book how he had considerable difficulty in disposing of the ugly rumors that he had



CAMPBELL H. DUNCAN

Mr. Duncan, the first of whose pictures representative of the various Toronto Volunteer Regiments appeared in last week's Saturday Night, is one of Canada's young artists who is making a name for himself as a book and magazine illustrator in this country as well as in the United States. The second of Mr. Duncan's pictures appears in this issue.



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## YACHT CRUISING IN EUROPE

By FRANK CARREL

This week's instalment of Mr. Carrel's travel talk takes him to the Riviera cities of Nice and Naples, and a perhaps the most interesting of the series so far. It consists entirely of personal experiences, most of them odd and amusing. It is not descriptive except in small things typical of the native population. For example, Mr. Carrel tells of two tailor shop signs in Nice, lettered in English. One read, "High-Class Tailor," the other belonged to a competitor nearby, who, not to be outdone, announced himself, "High Life Tailor."

It was two o'clock on this lovely afternoon when we stopped at the gay and delightful city of Nice. As I intended coming back here in a day or two on my way to join the yacht, I decided to take a drive around the city, and see it in all its splendor and glory during the time when the population would most likely be out-of-doors. My cabby first took me through the new and fashionable quarter containing avenues and gardens, and broad and well-paved streets bordered with large and elegant buildings, of which a large proportion are hotels. Over fifty thousand visitors spend the winter months in this city, which will give one an idea of the number of hotels, boarding houses, shops, etc., necessary to cater to them. In fact, it may be said, that the permanent population of one hundred thousand depends entirely upon this influx for an existence.

We passed down a long street of stores of every description and rationality, with some very amusing signs to be read. For instance, there were two tailoring establishments quite near to one another, and I presumed great rivals for trade. One of them used the usual sign, "High Class Tailor," under his name, but his competitor went him one better with "High Life Tailor."

At the end of this street we came out upon a large square known as the Pailon, near a public garden with handsome ponds, magnolias, acacias, medlars, gum, cork, camphor, and pepper trees. They band which plays here every afternoon was discoursing music in the midst of this fine foliage, where several thousand people were sitting and standing about enjoying its sweet strains, and the animated sight was well worth seeing. From the garden we drove out on to the Promenade des Anglais, the glory of all Nice. It is a beautiful terrace-walk eighty-five feet broad, and about two miles long, running along the beach, and built by the English visitors to employ the poor during a year of scarcity. Along this promenade are a number of handsome looking hotels in varied styles of architecture, which is a conspicuous advantage of all the Riviera resorts in contrast with England's Brighton, or America's Atlantic Beach, which are so monotonous. But what is more annoying than anything else in this place, is the large number of motor cars which are flying about in all directions. Hundreds of these rapidly moving vehicles are circulating on this and other promenades, to such an extent, that they have driven away a large number of people accustomed to coming here for the season.

Owing to travelling in the afternoon, I went into a smart looking restaurant, recommended to me by Cook, which was known as "Ernest," where such signs as "English spoken" and "American Drinks" decorated the front windows. Strange that this latter sign is so popular in all foreign countries! You never see "English Drinks" anywhere, it being presumed that they are always in stock, and you do not need to have any doubts about finding English spoken almost anywhere, and by every waiter in any of the first-class hotels. But with a knowledge of French, a traveller is enabled to get on much better. This restaurant I visited had one distinct feature, which is characteristic of almost all restaurants and hotels in the Riviera—the colossal prices placed upon things that seem to have little value in our country. Sometimes there are cases when the comparison is the reverse. As a sample, I had a very nice and well served tomato omelet with a small bottle of Pilsener lager, for which I was charged about 70 cents, as follows: Omelet, 30 cents; beer 30 cents; and service 10 cents. At my hotel in Marseilles, where the rooms and meals are exceptionally reasonable in price, a sweep soda costs 20 cents, a liqueur 40 cents, and cigars that sell at 15 cents in America, were just double. Eating is only a second consideration, and drinking the first, in almost all European hotels, which makes living in them so expensive, as your wine

account is bound to run up to one or two dollars a day, and oftentimes exceeds the price of your meals. Coffee, which is so essentially good and so universally drunk here, is always an extra charge, and so, oftentimes, is tea, when served in the afternoon.

While at lunch in Ernest's restaurant, two gentlemen sitting at the next table to mine took their departure, and the proprietor, who was dining with his wife and family in a far-off corner, called the waiter and inquired the extent of their expenditure. When he found that they were "Messieurs" of a high order, because they had drunk expensive wine and had their auto waiting for them at the door, he rushed outdoors to give them a grand salaam as they rode away. This is a very delicate way of doing some free advertising in this country and otherwise cultivating the pleasure of another visit. If their bill had been a small one, like mine, and had they been without an auto, he would not have disturbed his little family meal.

After going through the old quarter of Nice, a perfect labyrinth of narrow miserable looking streets, and visiting the tombs of such great men as Rosa Garibaldi, Leon Gambetta and his mother, we passed on to the harbor, where, until 1844, grew the mulberry tree under which Caterina Segurana had her tent under which on the 15th of August, 1543, she, at the head of a devoted band, attacked the allied French and Turk-



ONE OF THE STREET MENDICANT TYPES  
ENCOUNTERED BY MR. CARREL'S PARTY.

ish forces, struck down with her own hand the standard bearer, and put the enemy to flight. We also passed the site of the house where Giuseppe Garibaldi was born, all of which help to give Nice a little historic interest, in addition to its health-giving attractions.

THE guide books warn strangers of the annoyance of guides and beggars, and the dangers of night in the streets of Naples. I experienced both, and am now in full accord with the excellent advice which is given to the visitor. It is wonderful how a stranger should be known among those who throng the narrow streets, but he is spotted with an alacrity that is quite uncommon to the easy going and laconic Italian inhabitants, and his progress on a leisurely ramble through the town is made intolerable. Guides pester you for employment. Cabmen sitting on their boxes call out to you as a friend would endeavor to attract your attention. You look around in the direction of the call, and immediately several cabs leave the ranks of the stand and are by your side, and you are placed in the unpleasant position of having called one of them, and if you cannot use diplomacy and tact in getting out of the embarrassment, you may be made an innocent victim of a simple hold-up game. This little trick is only worked if you are alone. If you are with a friend they are not so persistent, as they know that the evidence of two persons, especially strangers, is very damaging and calculated to get them into trouble before the higher authorities, and every Italian has a dread of the Government and its severe judicial tribunals. Then there are the flower vendors, who follow you for blocks until you distribute a few pennies to get rid of them, and they seem to thoroughly understand this, and pester you accordingly. Beggars are everywhere. Cripples, and the most deformed, and most sad-looking individuals meet you on every corner, each soliciting alms, while monks and nuns with deposit boxes are among the lot.

Yet, with all, there is something fascinating after the first few days, when the street annoyances become part of the entertainment in Naples. You learn to walk along unconscious of their presence by your side until, weary of their efforts to attract your attention, they fall back to pounce upon a new victim. There are many cases that you cannot pass in this manner for they too strongly appeal to your sympathetic nature. One of these cases left a lasting impression on my mind. A poor blind boy, who was guided on either side by his brother and sister, kept pace with our carriage for several hundred feet while we were driving at a considerable speed. After a while we chanced to look at the little fellow and our hearts were touched by such a pitiable sight. This was a case where a donation was liberally given. But there are cases and many of them, where imposition is practised in the most cultured and refined manner. Counterfeit money is prevalent everywhere, and in receiving change for any purchase you are apt to be given lead and foreign coins of no value. Outside the first-class stores—and there are a few of them in Naples—if you offer about half of what is asked, it is generally accepted before you have time to leave the store. Buying anything on the street cars or boats is always a risky transaction. Corals and tortoise shells are sold in great quantities and are evidently two of the specialties of the city, and in the former, much imposition and many artful tricks are practised. A friend of mine bought over \$50 worth of the former on board the steamer which carried us from Capri to Naples, considering he had made a bargain, only to find out later on that he had bought a dozen necklaces of bogus corals.

One night after the theatre I attempted to walk to my hotel alone. It was not quite midnight, but the cars had stopped running. I had not gone far before I was accosted by a whole army of detestable guides. I lost patience with them and took refuge in a restaurant. When I came out again, a group of cabmen similarly assailed me. At first I managed to ward them off by paying no attention to their appeals until two of them followed me to a lonely part of the street, and deliberately drove their horses in front of me, blocking my way. To go farther was to enter a still more lonely thoroughfare, and with these two vicious looking men after me, I decided to turn back to the restaurant where I called for a cab, got into it and directed the driver to take me to my hotel. This act, for no apparent reason, caused quite a commotion and some very loud talking, and for a time I thought a fight of some kind was likely to ensue especially when two cabmen jumped off their vehicles and caught hold of the bridle of my cabman's horse and refused to allow us to proceed. From what I could judge there was a feud on because I did not hire one of the two cabmen who followed me, and had returned and taken one from the cabstand. I hailed one of the gendarmes standing off some distance, and, through a friend, showed that I was being molested by the two cabmen and prevented from proceeding on my way. My cabman explained matters and we were allowed to leave in peace. What would have occurred if this officer had not been around would not have added to the serenity of the night or of the locality.

Another evening I attempted to take a stroll in the streets by myself, and on this occasion endeavored to dress up as near as possible to the local custom, wearing a soft felt black hat and a long black coat, but it made no difference. I entered one of the several very fine arcades in Naples, where I was pestered worse than ever. The scene inside the arcade was very animated and I wanted to remain and see it for a while, so I remembered an original idea of a Quebec Frenchman who once travelled from New Orleans to St. Louis and return, spending several days in the latter city, being shown around by one of the stewards of the ship in which he had made the voyage, all the while playing the part of a deaf mute, owing to the fact that he could not speak the English language sufficiently well to be understood or to avoid creating laughter. In this arcade for over an hour I played the deaf and dumb act, and it worked like magic. After a stranger addressed me with "Good evening, gentleman," and endeavored to advertise his wares and offer his services as a guide to almost everything a stranger might require, I would look at him in a sort of dazed state and point to my ears and mouth, which had the effect of a quick

adieu, with "Excuse, gentleman." On the way to my hotel that evening, in a part of the town which was very well supplied with a number of large hotels, I stopped on a square to look at Mount Vesuvius as it seemed to be more active than usual, and near me stood a very well dressed man smoking a cigar. I spoke to him in English, asking if the volcano

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was more than ordinarily brilliant that evening. He responded with an American accent, stating that he did not know, as he was a stranger in the city, looked at me quite hard and then moved away, adding that he did not wish to be bothered with guides. I knew perfectly well that he took me for one of those numerous street sharks.



## Lady Gay's Column

OLD London has largely vanished into history, and the few places left the sojourner or the native are proportionately precious to the lover of the past. A little luncheon place off Fleet street is one of them, and there it was my delight to render myself at one o'clock any day I happened to be down town and particularly ravenous. The narrow lane down which one turns from Fleet street is clean and cool; the people one meets have tourist veils and Panama hats, and sometimes diamonds at their ears and necks. You know they must be, and that they, too, have come into the small lane to sample what one of them calls "the eats." The Mecca for these pilgrims is "The Cheshire Cheese," a most satisfactorily genuine old institution, as no one denies; where Dr. Johnston did actually tuck his napkin under his chin daily, and converse or discourse (nothing so commonplace as "talk") with his chum, Boswell. The portrait of the great compiler hangs over his accustomed seat, and I didn't mind waiting to get that seat any day. There are two bills of fare at the Cheshire Cheese, ye winter and ye summer menus, and on certain days of the week are certain dainties served, which one can get on no other. On Mondays in summer one gets stews of various sorts; on Tuesdays and Thursdays pigeon pies are the *piece de resistance*, Wednesdays you will order grilled ham, if you want it at all, and Fridays liver and bacon appears, while Saturday, as every habitué knows, the "weal and hammer" of Dickens' famous story reigns supreme. Rare old wines and Devonshire cider may catch you unawares, and give you what are aptly called "cork feet." The grills are perfect, and the oldest waiter is a symphony and a sonata and a fantasia of cheerful misanthropy, a placid pessimist, with a chronic grouse at every mortal thing, and a disposition to take you into his confidence on the smallest encouragement (sixpence!). One feeds with good appetite at the Cheshire Cheese, and on the top of a generous portion of the dish of the day, happily deposits the immense plate of cheese, toasted and breaded, which would give one seven nightmares if consumed anywhere else. The winter menu presents "ye famous pudding," a dainty I vainly yearned for out of season, and could get no information about, beyond the fact that it "began" on the first of October. To lunch at the old Cheshire Cheese was one of the jolliest things I did in old London, and the memory of those excellent "eats" consoles me yet.

I do not know whether any of our restaurateurs has been clever enough to have a special day for a special dainty, but he who knows the ropes in London knows where to go on Thursday for an Indian curry that is really sublime, and on some other day or night for some other dish in which his soul delighteth, so that he gets the various good things in perfection. Fish dinners down the river, with a couple of hours' rowing, to insure proper appetite, are remembered long after the leafy trees are bare and the long lovely reaches of the Thames changed to fog-infested and soul-chilling wastes. And one gets to know the exquisite flavor of a certain delicate cake peculiar to a certain restaurant by the broad Thames at Hampton Court, and the hot soft deliciousness of potato-cakes smothered in fresh butter at a certain little wayside inn out of London. All these things may sound greedy to the habitant of the great pie belt, but they are part of the holiday in the Old Land, which to miss is a disaster. One of the funniest teas I ever participated in, by the way, happened in Jersey, an island I have rather a habit of forgetting, somehow. The timorous little lady, whom I found and appropriated as guide and monitor one Sunday, when I lost my way in Jersey, took me out to Oreuil Castle and filled me full of old tales of Royalists and Roundheads and dungeons and cabbages, and so harried and shocked me that I grew exceeding thirsty and clamored for tea. At Oreuil Castle, in the midst of Jersey cows, we were told the tea parlor had run out of milk, and, after sneaking our minds freely on the famine, we strolled down to the train and departed for St. Heliers, dodging the erratic course of several four-hand coaches stuffed with Tommy Atkins, returning from camp and celebrating their close of summer

drill and manoeuvres by spontaneous specimens of locomotion that might be mildly described as devious. At St. Heliers, the timorous lady knew a dame who kept an hotel, where we should get excellent tea, so we went there, and were met with great respect, the timorous lady revealing herself as a "somebody" of consequence in that burgh. In the midst of our tea arrived the soldiers, and alighted outside the coffee-room windows, with great profanity, vocalization and sundry hard bumps.

We shut all the blinds, then the windows, then called the landlady, who assured us that it was just nothing at all—only their own boys, whom nobody minded, and we heard her soundly rating one huge Tommy who seated himself on the curb and wailed and refused to be comforted or silenced, sobbing out his plaint that unkind remarks had been made to him. And we, exasperated and hot in the stuffy room, drank our tea, and the timorous lady, ignoring the tumult without told tales of the fortress prison we had lately visited, where pious Mr. Prynn had abode in a certain gruesome dungeon, after the Royalists cut his ears off, and where bodies of pirates had hung from the chains I had seen dangling on the walls. Her prim and careful legends and historic sketches, punctuated with the wails of the Tommy, whose sensitive feelings had been hurt, the remonstrances of some of his friends and the kicks and curses of others, the drone of the flies against the closed windows, and the magnificent nerve of the landlady, who hoped we had enjoyed our tea, made up a strenuous half hour of which I have a vivid memory.

The coachman who drives you about at St. Heliers shows you the house Mrs. Langtry was born in, just as the man at St. Peter Port, in Guernsey, trundles you up to Hauteville House, where Victor Hugo spent his glorious exile, and wrote "The Toilers of the Sea"; and everyone shows you the graves of people who were drowned going to Sark—or perhaps they vary the entertainment by introducing you to widows whom you don't dare to ask how their husbands came by their death. You know they went down between Guernsey and Sark, if you're in Guernsey, or on the Corbiere rocks, if you happen to be in Jersey; or maybe on the Casquets, if you are talking of crossing to England. But here am I, away off in the Channel Islands again, a far cry from Fleet street and the Cheshire Cheese! Talking of islands reminds me of the sad experience of a man friend, who slipped away to the Scilly Islands in August, intending to get ahead of me for once. I had some vague notion of going there myself, but I have been in a 9th of November spirit ever since because I changed my plans. For, if you wish to make that man forget the lessons he learned in Sunday school, ask him how he liked the boat, the voyage, and the Scilly Islands. These islands have their season, and it isn't August, but four months earlier, it appears, when they are riotous with bloom and color, and when, if ever, one should visit them. This is merely a tip to you, suggested by the fact that I came awfully near spending time and money on what, like the famous pudding of the Cheshire Cheese, should be enjoyed in its proper season.

LADY GAY.

## Correspondence Column

The above COLUMN must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requires correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. 5. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Benedict—January 9 brings you under Capricorn, an earth sign, and one noted for general decorum, uprightness and love of the beaten path. Formality in expression and conventionality in conduct distinguish people born under this sign. Your writing shows some buoyancy and hope, excellent temper and a companionable nature, some taste and susceptibility to beauty and harmony and a touch of adaptability, which is unusual in your sign. You are frugal, but not penurious, and have good will and purpose—a rather valuable and trustworthy person, I think.

Worker—Holland—I was greatly disappointed not to see you in August. Had looked forward to a pleasant

day with you there. Sent a messenger from my hotel to your house and found you were in Ostend. How cursed things are sometimes! And here, after all the fun is over, I come across a request for a delineation. The birthdate brings you on the cusp of Taurus-Gemini. This is what a learned Oriental says of your people: "Anyone born from May 20 to 26 is remarkably gifted. Brain and hands work in harmony. Thinkers, artisans, artists, orators and inventors flourish under this sign. Good taste and much refinement are also usual, and the natives are at their best when busy and working." Pride and independence are traits I have noticed. Your writing shows concentration, but great enterprise, self-value and self-control. Care for detail, love of literature, some sentiment, originality, quickness of thought, sense of humor and approachableness. The sentiment is restricted, controlled, and would probably mean extreme devotion in your own circle, family affection and filial loyalty. It suggests tradition and the strong influence of woman in your life from earliest impressions. The signature, which I have always admired, is sweetness and strength combined. Now, you may go way back and sit down!

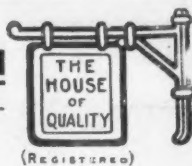
Con Amore.—You were right about being my only Dutch correspondent when you wrote, but since then, thanks to kind fortune, I've got several more; none, however, that I like better than you two. You will have noticed the way fate juggled with us, and, I hope, share my chagrin. Better luck next time. I adore Holland—sweet, pretty, worthy, peaceful, land. You have a little Taurus boy to bring up. I trust you will have every success. They are sometimes queer little folk, and silence, peace and kindly love agree with them. The gentlest women should be their mothers, and, in that, I am sure you fill the bill. You are a Capricorn, and should have an ideal married life, for the best mate for you is a Taurus, and all a Taurus needs to perfect him is to be born on the cusp with Gemini. I told myself all this years ago, when I asked about your birthdays. As for your writing: You mix your ideas as you mingle your loops and lines. There is will and purpose and power quite surprising in some lines, with sometimes lack of self-reliance and hope. You are strong on the emotions and extreme in likes and dislikes, single-hearted, not particularly tenacious, but sometimes very long-headed. Your temperament varies, after the fashion of your sign, and if you ever have seasons of depression they need not be taken as seriously as under other signs, being peculiar to Capricorn. A strong trait is the faculty of minding your own affairs and resenting outside interference. You love to grow intellectually, but sometimes undervalue your powers. You are kind, loyal and secretive. Once a friend, you never change, and a promise is a sacred thing. A natural planner, and efficient server, with much interest in propriety and appearances, you should be a good, careful and judicious housekeeper. Taurus, Virgo and Libra people are your most congenial friends. As Capricorn people are the wisest and most patient teachers of the young, and adored by their pupils, your little boy is fortunate in his mother.

Johnnie—Wow! What a howl! "All that we can expect to obtain is temporary forgetfulness of our more serious troubles and annoyances." Why, my son, you talk like a sleeping draught, and you write like a wind of March; one never knows which way you'll go next. You are cautious apprehensive, erratic and full of whims. And there is cleverness and aptness of expression with all your weird pessimism; big thoughts come to you, and sometimes schemes which never materialize. You are inconstant emotionally, and rather inclined to be capricious; and perhaps you are not always honest with yourself. Drop that, Johnnie, and you'll perhaps be happier.

Algonquin Park—October, December and your own sign will furnish your best companions. Harmony is most likely with the latter sign, if you contemplate marriage. You know the faults of the untrained Virgo—faultfinding, criticism, egotism, exaggeration, extravagance and domineering tendencies. We're a nice lot, truly! You have begun well. Keep at it, my boy. Sorry you missed your paper. Did it turn up?

Maude H.—I am awaiting your decision.

Archie—Hope you had a good time in Toronto on your holiday. I never was in the wheat belt. Don't think it would appeal to me. Your letter will be answered in good time. Don't be hurrying me. I'm old and lame, and lots of things, don't you know? Don't send studies on ruled paper. I don't do them nicely.



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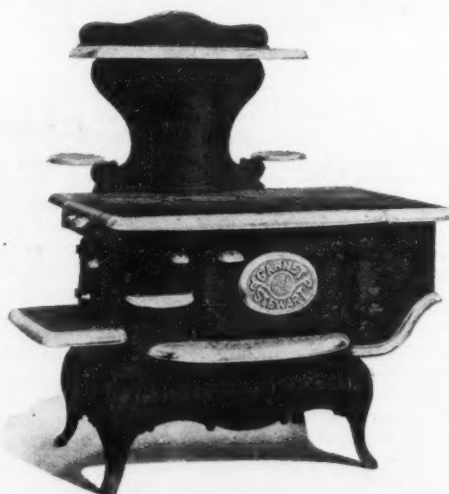
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sleepers leaving Toronto at 7.15 p.m., getting into New York at 9.00 a.m.

The New York Sun, in an article dealing with the fads and fancies of noted pugilists, says: Tommy Burns' fad is money and clothes. He has the financial bee in his bonnet for fair. He has made a close study of investments and banking systems. He handles his money like an experienced financier, speculating in stocks with some success. Clothes! You ought to see him all toggled out in

the finest suits made by the swiftest tailors. When he was in England he cut such a stylish figure that the ordinary pugs over there looked up on him as a millionaire.

"He has everything to make a woman happy." "On the contrary, he has nothing but wealth." "Dear me! What more can a woman ask of her husband than that he have wealth?" "That he have brains, beauty, bravery!" "But—" "Or, failing these, heart disease!"—Life.



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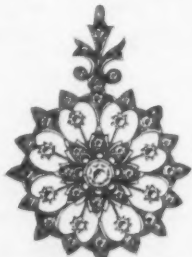
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## THE DRAMA



ELSIE JANIS IN "THE FAIR CO-ED."

The photograph shows Miss Janis as she appears with one of the principals in a scene of the new musical comedy in which she will appear at the Princess Theatre next week.

### HOW TO MAKE A "LATEST HIT."

To one star on the hunt for a play. Add one author to write for the star. One composer mix—stand for a day. (Choose the very best ones that there are.)

If a plot rises up to the top. Keep it dark and remove it with care; Then, extracting the star, leave the rest where they are, And the other ingredients prepare.

When some music and jokes first appear. They're beginning to work, you can see; Add a first-class stage manager here, Being sure that his hands are quite free. Then stir them together awhile; Next some crisp scenic settings procure; Leave some inch "dressing" made by the best in the trade; And then of your "filling" make sure.

The garnishes carefully choose.—The gowns and the hats and the furs, The stockings, the gloves and the shoes, Most very especially HERS. A gay, graceful chorus select, And, choosing a suitable stage, Mix the whole in one lot, season, spice, and serve hot. As "The Hit" or "The Go" or "The Rage."

ASHTAR

It seems but yesterday that a New York theatrical press agent, with all the enthusiasm of his class, came to town heralding the news that Elsie Janis, "the little wonder, only fifteen years of age," was about to forsake her work in vaudeville mimicry and make a great hit on the legitimate stage. A good many of us, having observed the result of similar attempts on the part of ambitious persons, young and old, were dubious of the wisdom of the attempt. But some years have passed since then, and Miss Janis keeps right on winning popular applause at the head of a big company. She is still young, but she is not little, any longer. In fact, the managers have found her quite a big proposition, especially on the salary question. She scored a success in "The Hoyden," and also as star of "The Vanderbilt Cup." Next Monday she comes to the Princess Theatre for a week's engagement in George Ade's latest college play, "The Fair Co-Ed," under the management of Charles Dillingham.

The play is said to have scored a success on account of the youthful spirit so manifest in it, as well as on account of Miss Janis's own vivacity in the role of the only girl left in a college where formerly the female students had abounded and worked side by side with the men. Ade has sprinkled it with plenty of his own peculiar humor, and the kindly cynicism which has made this humorist-philosopher famous is said to be much in evidence. The music was written by Gustav Luders, composer of "The Prince of Pilsen," "Woodland," "King Dodo," and other successes. It is also pointed out that the play is not a musical comedy, but is a college play with music, the distinction being that "The Fair Co-Ed" could be played without any music at all and achieve success. As to this we shall see all next week, for, of course, we will want to see Miss Janis again. The story is said to be consistent and well told.

The company is one of the largest that will be seen here during the present season, numbering eighty-five people, and the production is an elaborate one, being built on the scale which made Charles Dillingham famous as the manager of Fritz Scheff, in "Mlle. Modiste," and

"The Prima Donna," and of Montgomery and Stone in "The Red Mill." In the company with Miss Janis are such well known actors and actresses as Arthur Stanford, Lionel Walsh, Harry Clarke, Sydney Jarvis, Edgar Halstead, H. David Todd, James Reaney, Donald McLaren, Leavitt James, Inez Bauer, Rose Winter, Marion Mills and Eleanor Pendleton.

The orchestra will be largely augmented for the engagement here. There will be but one matinee, that on Saturday.

The skill exhibited by the Imperial Opera Company in the musical comedies and comic opera attractions they have presented so artistically this season at the Royal Alexandra marks it as probably the most capable stock company in the field to-day. The cast of principals, comprising some of the most admirable artists on the continent, the chorus, strong, alert and splendidly drilled, and the staff of scenic artists of the Imperials, all unite in lending an unusual excellence to their productions. To these factors and the persistent effort of the management to make each successive offering more perfect than its predecessor, is due the great popularity and following the Imperial Opera Company has gained since this season opened.

Starting with Saturday's matinee, the Imperials will present "The Wedding Day," an exceptionally pleasing comic opera in three acts. The words are by Stanislaus Stange, and the music by Julien Edwards. The popularity of this comic opera is too well known to need comment. In the original three-star New York cast of the De Angelis Opera Company Lillian Russell appeared as Lucille D'Herblay, Della Fox as Rose Marie, and Jefferson De Angelis in the role of Polycop.

The plot of "The Wedding Day" is laid in Paris and its environs during the middle of the seventeenth century. The story deals with a young French woman, Lucille D'Herblay, sent by the Queen to secure certain valuable papers in the hands of the Frondists at the home of Mme. De Montbason, the ringleader of the plot against the Queen. Lucille, pursued by soldiers, takes refuge in Polycop's bakery, where she meets Polycop's bride, Rose Marie, in whom she discovers an old friend. Rose Marie conceals Lucille, and, to deceive her pursuers, dresses Lucille in her own clothing. In the second act the real and the spurious Mme. Polycop are presented at Mme. De Montbason's house, which gives rise to many humorous complications. The coveted papers are finally secured, through the Duc De Bouillon, a gay old roue and a general in the Frondist army. In the end the conspirators are pardoned, on condition that they cease plotting against the Queen.

A noteworthy feature of "The Wedding Day" will be the return to the Imperials' cast of Miss Louise Le Baron, the noted contralto, who has been missed at the Royal Alexandra during her absence on a vacation, and Harry Girard, baritone.

The cast of "The Wedding Day" will comprise Miss Agnes Cain

Brown, in the role of Lucille D'Herblay; Miss Louise Le Baron as Mme. De Montbason; Miss Carrie Reynolds, in the role of Rose Marie; Miss Elvia Crox, as Aunt Hortense; Harry Girard, as Duc De Bouillon; Frank M. Stammers, as Polycop; George Le Soir, as Planchette; Carl Hady, as Raul; W. H. Pringle, as Pomade, and R. T. Jones, as Laubert.

In this production the Imperials have put forth every effort to make the settings and costumes portray all the elegance of the luxurious times depicted by the opera. "The Wedding Day" is under the highly-efficient stage direction of Mr. Frank M. Stammers.

Next week, at Shea's, Manager Shea will give the patrons of the popular vaudeville house a rare treat in the engagement of Emmett Corrigan & Co., presenting a one-act comedy playlet, entitled "His Last Performance." The special attraction for the week will be the Inimitable Protean Artist, Arturo Bernardi. Others on the bill are Jack Wilson & Co., The Juggling Jordans, Al Carleton, and the Achterneier Bros.

Mr. Robert Ganthony, the eminent English actor, will give two recitals on Friday and Saturday evenings next, in Massey Hall, October 30 and 31. Mr. Ganthony is a gifted entertainer as well as actor, author and playwright. He is best known in Canada perhaps by his most delightful comedy "A Brace of Part-ridges." A most entertaining programme is promised. Mr. Ganthony will be assisted in several of his sketches by Miss Stanmore, of the Court Theatre, London. The sale of seats begins on Wednesday next.

Something exceptional in the way of light and airy amusement is promised at the Gayety Theatre next week. It will be provided by Phil Sheridan's "Big Sensation" Company. The opening portion of the entertainment is a rollicking burlesque sketch, called "Forty Minutes Late at a Railroad Depot," written by Manager Sheridan himself. The olio comprises a number of turns that will no doubt prove entertaining to many patrons of the Gayety, and the closing burlesque is a bit of laughable nonsense, entitled, "How, When and Now," in which thirty girls and ten funny men take part. There will be brilliant costumes and scenery, and some novel electrical effects are promised. An extra performance will be given at eleven o'clock on Monday night, when the election returns will be read from the stage. Amateurs will, as usual, appear on Friday night.

Marie Cahill has a pretty large following among lovers of musical comedy. They don't care whether she calls her plays musical comedies or comedies with music—they are what they like. This week Miss Cahill's Toronto admirers have been turning out in large numbers to see and hear her in her latest offering, "The Boys and Betty," at the Princess. The play fits her very well, indeed, and is sprightly and entertaining all the way through. Of course, Miss Cahill can't sing, and she makes a mistake in essaying a little ditty of musical-comedy sentimentality, to a canary bird. But she makes her talky-talky songs effective because she has in her the essence of comedy in no small degree. All the songs in the piece are made up of patches of other songs we have all heard before, but they are tuneful and catchy. They win applause, and set the high gallery to whistling, which is all that is required of such songs. Only it is a pity that Eugene Cowles had not been provided with a better one. When he gets to his feet and sings his snatch of the song, "The Tetrazina Family," which is given by all the principals, who rise one after another in minstrel fashion, he refuses—in the popular mind at least—the reports as to the passing of his fine bass voice. But his own song, "Girls, Girls, Girls," is so trifling that to hear him sing it, one would never know that his voice was ever more than an ordinary one. E. A. Ely, a typical American fun-maker of the irrepressible class, is given a chance, however, and he goes at it on the run. John E. Kelard and Miss Clara Palmer do well. On the whole "The Boys and Betty" affords an excellent evening's entertainment. It is considerably above the average of musical comedies.

Sydney Jarvis, one of the principals with Elsie Janis in "The Fair Co-Ed," is well known in Ontario, being a Toronto boy, a brother of Harold Jarvis.

Gus Rogers, of Rogers Brothers fame, died in New York on Monday of this week of appendicitis. He was not with the company that played in Toronto recently.

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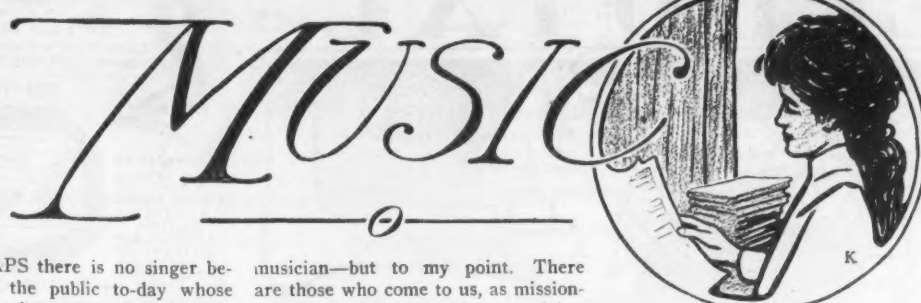
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PERHAPS there is no singer before the public to-day whose artistry can be compared with Mme. Gadski's. One may excel her in natural beauty of voice, another in musicianship, and still another in dramatic temperament; there may be a few who excel her in the interpretation of certain roles—but none has achieved the high plane this wonderful woman has striven for and gained. Had she been so minded she could have rivalled any ear-tickling and groundling-astonishing cantatrice of the day, for her voice is glorious and her control of it marvellous, but, true artist that she is, she never stoops to vocalistic display to win a cheap success. Nor, on the other hand, does she sacrifice tonal beauty to produce a theatrical effect. Her voice is always an artistically controlled medium of expression, and her interpretations, although sincere and naturalistic, wrought out in just appreciation of the poetic content of the text, are never marred by a quasi-realism.

Her repertoire embraces the works of all schools, and she ranges through the whole gamut of human emotions. She is no one-part prima donna, relying upon a fortunate fitting of the part to her well-defined limitations to gain success, and failing utterly when she is not "suited," but a broad-minded, universally schooled artist, whose triumphs have been won in parts ranging through the three Brunnildas, Elizabeth, Elsa, Eva, Senta and Isolde; Leonore in Fidelia, the Countess in the Marriage of Figaro, Michaela in Carmen, Santuzza in Carmen, and many others chosen from the master works of classic and modern composers of all nationalities. And her success has been absolutely legitimate. She was never "discovered" by an astute commercial manager, and exploited by a phenetic press agent, but has had a calm, steady growth, holding her place despite the passings of meteoric prima donnas.

I was fortunate enough to hear her at her debut, which was made under the management of Walter Danrosch, who introduced three great artists in his first company—Klafsky, Temina and Gadski. Among the men were Max Alvary and Emil Fischer, the best Siegfried and the best Hans Sachs I've ever heard. From the first Mme. Gadski gained recognition, and was heard in role after role suited to her youth. With maturity came bigger things, and now she has crowned her career with a convincing performance of Isolde, a part that makes greater demands on an artist than others in the whole realm of opera.

Although I had heard her in so many different roles and under the most favorable conditions, as, for instance, Emil Fischer's jubilee, at which she sang Eva to his Hans Sachs, I never realized how truly great she is until the night of her first recital in Toronto. Scattered over the empty vastness of Massey Hall was a discouragingly small audience. At Mme. Gadski's request, Mr. Houston asked them to gather in the body of the hall, and to this little group she sang a long, exacting programme, as conscientiously, faultlessly and spontaneously as if the house were crowded, responding graciously and willingly to all recalls, and closing the programme by thrice singing the call of the Valkyrie. No one who heard her that night can ever forget Joanna Gadski, the charming woman and consummate artist. And now we are to have her again! I hope the executive committee of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra will be rewarded by a Mendelssohn Choir audience at their opening concert in December for their enterprise in engaging Mme. Gadski.

WITHOUT wishing to shock or pain any of the self-appointed conservators of English music in the "Colonies," one may venture to say that some of them seem to have forgotten that the critical point of view in the British Isles has kept pace with the world's progress, and is not still in the swaddling clothes of mathematical precision of the early Victorian period. England's foremost writer on music is undoubtedly Mr. Ernest Newman; at any rate, no one stands higher than he. His recently published "Life of Richard Strauss" is splendid reading, as a study of a man and his work, and it is also valuable for views on art he promulgates. It will repay anyone interested in contemporaneous culture to read the book, even if he is not a

musician—but to my point. There are those who come to us, as missionaries to benighted heathen, proclaiming that we are without form, and, therefore, void. "Look at English music," say they, "and see what form has done for it." Well, I would not have presumed to speak when the anointed have spoken, but I can quote. Here is what Mr. Newman says: "The school that looks askance at Strauss takes for its idol Brahms, who is described by his enthusiastic admirers as the last of the great German masters, and acclaimed 'as a master of flawless form.' Now, any one who looks at Brahms's symphonies, for example, with eyes unclouded by tradition, can see that his form is often far from flawless. He is less a master of form than 'form' is master of him. He is like a man in whom etiquette predominates over manners; his symphonies behave as they have been told, rather than as they feel. . . . With Beethoven, the form seems the inevitable outcome of the idea, as all first-rate, vitalized form should be; with Brahms the ideas are plainly manufactured to fit the form. The supposed necessity for pacifying this traditional monster is visible on page after page. It cramps Brahms in the making of his themes, which often show the most evident signs of being selected mainly because they were easily 'workable.'"

Isn't it awful! And again he says, referring to the harm done by the fanatical worship of the so-called classical forms: "When one sees how many capable and promising musicians have been stunted in their growth by this system of Chinese compression, one wishes that someone would write an exhaustive book on 'Sonata Form, Its Cause and Cure,' and present a copy to every student who is in danger of catching the disease." This dreadful book has been out for some time, but the gods have not yet stricken the blasphemous deed.

But here is another rude blow—and from Wales! At the last National Eisteddfod in Llangollen, the decision of the adjudicators stirred up a tempest in a teapot, and a member of the board gave out the following statement, which is reprinted from an English musical paper: "Before dealing with the competition, Mr. Harry Evans said he desired, on behalf of his colleagues, and especially on behalf of Mr. Coleridge Taylor, who had just left, to clear the air with regard to a statement made on Tuesday in connection with the chief choral competition—a statement which had been misconstrued, he feared, by the general public. They did not wish to imply for a moment that they wanted emotion and inaccuracy. He hoped everybody would understand that as adjudicators they must have accuracy first of all. Accuracy plus emotion was splendid. Emotion at the expense of accuracy was no good to them at all, and they did not want it. He hoped that statement cleared the matter, as far as the adjudicators were concerned. In the case of a choir that sang accurately and perfectly, as far as notes and tone were concerned, if the effect of the singing of the accurate choir was mechanical, it did not affect the adjudicators very much; but if another choir came forward, and fell a little short in the way of accuracy—for instance, in the case of pitch—but sang with temperament, time and real emotion, that was the choir for them." I have always considered Wales one of the most musical countries in the world, and it is pleasant to be confirmed in one's beliefs.

THE new Casavant organ at the Toronto Conservatory of Music is a compliment to the whole Dominion and a monument to Dr. Fisher and the Board of Directors. There is no music school in the world that has a finer instrument, although some may be larger, and its installation should give fresh impetus to the noble art of organ-playing. With their usual breadth of view and business sagacity, the gentlemen who direct the affairs of the Conservatory decided that the best deserve the best, therefore chose Mr. Lemare to fittingly present their latest benefaction to the public. Mr. Lemare's programme was not all one could have desired, but it was beautifully played. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Wheelton's charming morceaux so exquisitely rendered, and the Waldweben, from Siegfried, was so entrancing that I, for one, regret that Mr. Lemare did not give us more of his very

effective transcriptions of the Wagnerian operas. On behalf of the music-loving public of Toronto this journal offers a vote of thanks to Dr. Fisher and the Board of Directors of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MRS. J. FASKIN McDONALD and C. L. M. Harris, Mus. Doc., both well known in musical Hamilton, have been studying with Mr. E. W. Schuch during the past summer, and recently gave a recital in that city with great success. Of the lady the Hamilton Times said: "The result of persistent study was evident in all that Mrs. McDonald sang. Her voice has added brilliancy and quality, while her upper register is clear as a bell. Her selections were varied enough to display her true artistic finish, and the audience showed its evident delight by hearty applause and recalls." Of Dr. Harris the same journal said: "He has been before the public for a good many years now as pianist, organist, and choral and orchestral conductor, but as a vocalist—a basso—he has been an unknown quantity. From now on he will have to be reckoned with. He chose numbers that were trying enough for the most seasoned singer, and that he met with a great deal of success was clear from the applause that he received."

The Toronto Cleft Club began its season with a supper for Mr. Sauer, after his recital Thursday night. A large number of new members were admitted, and arrangements made to banquet Dr. Coward during the visit of the Sheffield Choir. The new executive has planned a very busy season for the club.

Two of Mr. David Ross's pupils have recently entered the profession—one, Miss Maud Proctor, as prima donna of the Cranston Opera Co., and Miss Jean E. Winters, as prima donna of the Fox Company.

Mr. Gustav Luders, composer of "The Prince of Pilsen" and other tuneful operettas, has written the music for Mr. George Ade's latest, "The Fair Co-Ed," in which Miss Elsie Jans is starring this season. She comes to the Princess next week, with a well-chosen company, in which are Arthur Stanford, Lionel Walsh, Arthur Clarke, Sydney Jarvis, Inez Bauer, Rose Winter and Eleanor Pendleton. The locale is a small western college, where Mr. Ade has found types to his liking.

Saturday, November 21, Mr. Marley Sherris, baritone and choirmaster at Carlton street Methodist church,

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The subscription lists for the Sheffield Choir concerts, on Nov. 5, 6 and 7, have closed, with the largest popular response known in the history of the hall. The influx of people from outside places is especially noticeable, and large numbers are coming from all over Ontario. The amount already represented on the lists is upwards of \$10,000. The capacity of the hall is such, however, that there will be an opportunity for the public to secure good seats when the sale opens next Saturday, October 31.

The sixty-first anniversary of the consecration of the Church of the Holy Trinity will be celebrated on Sunday, October 25; special services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The choir will be assisted by an efficient orchestra. MELOS.

**BETWEEN CHICAGO AND MONTREAL**

The Canadian Pacific affords fast and convenient service, Toronto as a midway point enjoying a splendid service to and from both points. The 10.00 p.m. express, with sleepers for Ottawa and Montreal, has proved itself the most popular train for the East. The 7.20 p.m. train carries through sleepers for Detroit and Chicago, and as it uses the shortest line and makes the fastest time to the latter point, deservingly shares popular favor with the eastbound flyer.

Art lovers are reminded of the sale of valuable oil and water color paintings by T. M. Bell-Smith, R. C. A., to take place Thursday, October 29, at 2.30 p.m., at C. M. Henderson & Co.'s warerooms, 87-89 King street east. On view Wednesday afternoon from 2 till 6 o'clock. Catalogues on application.



MISS LOUISE LE BARON

The highly gifted and popular contralto, who, after a holiday spent in the East, has returned to the Imperial Opera Company at the Royal Alexandra. She will appear in "The Wedding Day," the production of which commences this afternoon.

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### Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 24, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

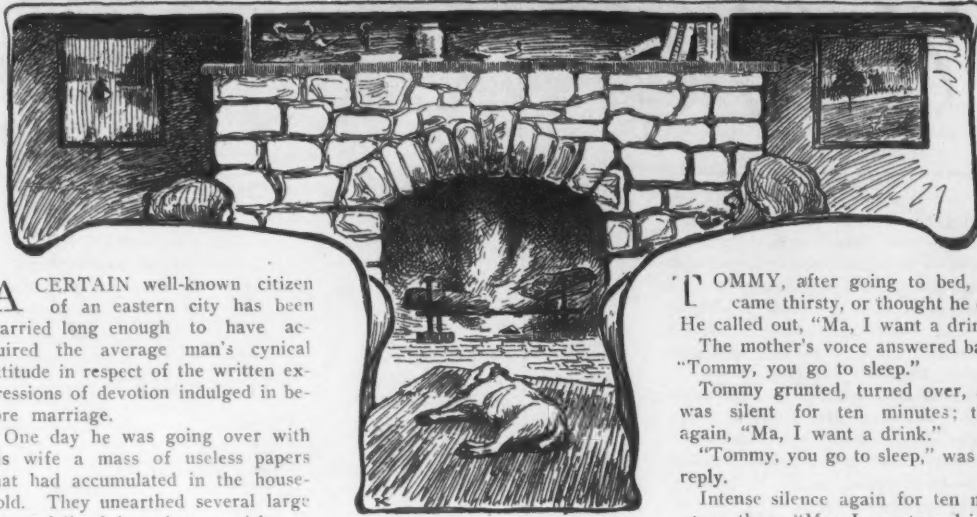
(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CONY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.  
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this government will not be paid for.

## A NECDOTAL



A CERTAIN well-known citizen of an eastern city has been married long enough to have acquired the average man's cynical attitude in respect of the written expressions of devotion indulged in before marriage.

One day he was going over with his wife a mass of useless papers that had accumulated in the household. They unearthed several large boxes full of love letters. After a hasty glance at them, the husband said:

"No use keeping this junk, I suppose? Here it goes."

The wife was hurt. "Oh, Clarence," exclaimed she, "how can you be so brutal? Surely you don't want to destroy your own love letters to me?"

"Well, keep 'em, if you want 'em," cheerfully assented the husband, "but, honestly, Helen, these seem too soft to file!"

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL'S story of the servant who burst into the bedroom of her master and mistress before dawn to announce the passing of the Reform Bill, and added: "We're all equal now," recalls one told of the days when a greater Reform Bill was looming in sight for servants of still lowlier station. The slaves' charter of freedom appeared on the horizon, and a minstrel of the West Indies put a new song into the mouths of his sable fellows:

"But 'anicipation come, ha, ha!  
Den me wear massa's coat, ha, ha!  
See massa him white,  
See massa him white,  
And ees him ugly throat, ha, ha!"

Reform and Emancipation have come, but servants, black and white, and, like the rest of us, that man never is, but always 'to be blessed.

A N ambitious young man recently called upon a publisher of novels, to whom he imparted confidentially the information that he had decided to "write a book," and that he would be pleased to afford the publisher the chance to bring it out.

"May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely.

"Oh!" came in an off-hand way from the aspirant for fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know!"

"NOW," said the fussy old gentleman, putting one of the biggest strawberries in his mouth, and picking up another, "what is the sense of having that sign read 'Fresh strawberries for sale?' Don't you suppose that everybody knows they are for sale?"

"I dunno," answered the fruiterer's assistant, who, although he had only left school a few weeks, was well up in his trade, "some folks seem to think we're giving them away."

And the old gentleman put the berry back in the box.

TWO diners at a hotel were disputing as to what a pineapple really was. One of them insisted that it was a fruit, the other insisted that it was a vegetable. The friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table.

"John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?"

"It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is always a hextra!" he replied.

A N Episcopal rector, travelling in the South, met a native, also, by his own profession, an Episcopalian.

"Who confirmed you?" asked the rector.

"Nobody. What's that?"

"But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man; "and I'll tell you how it is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin'. While I was there I went to church, and I heard 'em say they had left undone them things they'd oughter done, and done them things they hadn't oughter done, and I said to myself, 'That's jest my fix, too.' I found out that was an Episcopal church, and so I've been an 'Episcopal' ever since."

TOMMY, after going to bed, became thirsty, or thought he did. He called out, "Ma, I want a drink." The mother's voice answered back, "Tommy, you go to sleep."

Tommy grunted, turned over, and was silent for ten minutes; then again, "Ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, you go to sleep," was the reply.

Intense silence again for ten minutes; then, "Ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, if you don't go to sleep I'll come and spank you."

More silence; this time for about two minutes, and then, "Ma, when you come to spank me bring me a drink, won't you?"

A N Englishman, witnessing his first baseball game, was struck by a hot one off the bat. On coming to, he asked, faintly:

"What was it?"

"A foul," they told him, "only a foul!"

"My word!" he exclaimed, "I thought it was a mule."

SEVERAL Scottish villagers were discussing the latest matrimonial failure.

"They did not understand each other; they'd nobbut knowed each other for a matter o' seven year," said the old man.

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested lady listener.

"Long eno! Bah, ye're wrong! When a body's courtin' he canna be too careful. Why, my courtship lasted a matter o' nineteen year!"

"You certainly were careful," agreed the lady listener. "And did you find your plan successful when you married?"

"Ye jump to conclusions," said the old man impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didn't marry her."

A N illustrious French prelate was at a great banquet in company with many members of the French nobility and many other ecclesiastics.

The conversation turned upon the life-long experience of priests, their insight into the depths of human nature, and the strange secrets of which, in virtue of their office, they must become the depositaries. To point his remarks, his eminence said:

"For instance, gentlemen, the first confession I ever received was that of a murderer."

At that moment, and while expressions of wonder, interest and horror were still upon the lips of his auditors, the door opened and a nobleman of the highest rank, a man well known among them, entered the room. He saluted the company, and then paid his respects to the prince of the church, adding gracefully, as he turned to the company:

"You are perhaps not aware, gentlemen, that I had the honor to be his eminence's first penitent."

The consternation of the company and his eminence's state of mind may be imagined.

THAT Lord Brougham was fully capable of a quick retort is shown by the following:

"You, my lord," said Wellington, angry with him, "will be remembered not for having been a great lawyer, nor for having written profound philosophical essays, but for having given your name to a peculiar style of carriage."

"And your grace," answered Brougham, "will be remembered, not for having gained the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, but for having given your name to a fashionable kind of boots!"

"Oh!" said Wellington, "damn the boots; I forgot 'em."

A N Irishman was one day told to put up a signboard on which were the words: "To Motorists—this hill is dangerous."

Away went Mike with the signboard and placed it at the bottom of a very steep hill. A few days later his employer went to see how the board was put up, and finding it at the bottom of the hill, sought and found Mike.

"You blooming fool!" he cried, "why didn't you put that sign in the right place?"

"Shure and ain't it?" asked Mike. "Don't all the accidents happen at the bottom?"

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### The Manners of Children

IN the course of a morning's walk at the seashore I recently met two individuals.

One was a youth of about twelve years of age. Hovering near him was a French maid. The twain kept up an intermittent Gallic twatter. The boy was the son of wealthy parents, who were refined and eminently respectable Americans. Each year they travelled abroad. The boy had gone with them. He could dance, make a bow, and, presumably, tip his hat.

Suddenly he approached me. Looking at me in the most patronizing manner, he said:

"What time is it?"

I took out my watch and remarked that it was 10.30.

The boy, without another word, turned to his nurse and continued his chatter.

Shortly after this I met, near the beach, a young girl of thirteen. Her father was a New York clergyman,

presumably one used to the amenities of life. The little girl and I had met before.

As she came out of the surf I said, pleasantly, and possibly somewhat foolishly:

"Does that cap keep your hair dry when you go under?"

She gazed at me with lack lustre eye. Her lip curled.

"If it didn't," she said, "I wouldn't wear it."

It is, of course, impossible to reproduce the tone of voice—the mingling of easy familiarity, the perfect self-possession, the blasé contempt. But they were all there.

This boy and this girl are typical of American life. They exist everywhere. They are the usual thing.

What is the matter with our fathers and mothers? Why don't they give their children occasionally a good, old-fashioned "licking," and teach them how to say "Please" and "Thank you" and show some decent respect for those in authority?—

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## VOLUNTEER BOUNTY ACT, 1900.

### WARNING TO PURCHASERS.

EVERY assignment of the right of a South African Volunteer entitled to a land grant must be by way of appointment of a substitute and must be in the form provided by the Act.

Special attention is called to Sub-section 3 of Section 5 of the Volunteer Bounty Act, 1900, which provides that no assignment of the right of a volunteer by the appointment of a substitute shall be accepted or recognized by the Department of the Interior which is not executed and dated after the date of the warrant for the land grant issued by the Minister of Militia and Defence in favor of the Volunteer.

J. W. GREENWAY,  
Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Ottawa.

28th September, 1908.

# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE inspection and prize-giving of the 48th Highland Regiment attracted a vast crowd to the Armories last week, the galleries being packed with admirers of the brave kilties. General Otter took the inspection for General Lake, and General Wadmore was one of the out-of-town officers present. Lady Clark was the guest of honor and presented the more important prizes with her invariable kind word to the recipients, who know her enthusiasm for the regiment. Miss Mortimer Clark accompanied her, and Sir Mortimer Clark assisted at the inspection. Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald with their husbands, retired colonels of the fine regiment were presented, and each lady presented prizes; Mrs. R. A. Smith who had just returned from a visit of two weeks in New York also presented a prize. Her graceful and clever niece, Miss Jean Milne, of London, Eng., was with Mrs. Smith, looking very well in a *vieux rose* evening cloak and smart hat. Mrs. Melvin Jones and Miss Melvin Jones, Mrs. Ghent Davis and Judge Irving were a smart party from Llawhaden, the latter having been persuaded to stop another week in Toronto, and going over to St. Catharines for a short sojourn on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Cantlie, the Misses Michie and Mrs. Cowan were watching the march past with much interest, stalwart Major Michie being a relative whose enthusiasm infect all his family. Mr. Adam Brown came on from Hamilton with his daughter, Mrs. Will Hendrie; Mrs. Duncan Donald left her fairy daughter long enough to see the doings at the Armories; Mr. Arthur and Miss Muriel Jarvis with Mr. Jarvis' fiancée, Miss Winter, of St. John's, Newfoundland, a charming bright girl; Colonel and Miss Gunther, Mr. Long-Innes, Colonel Delamere, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Darling, of Rosemount, Mrs. Warren Darling, Senator Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, of Dunedin, Colonel Septimus Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, Miss Deval, of Washington, D.C., Miss Grace McTavish, Mrs. and Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord, Mrs. Charles Michie, Mrs. Rennie, Mrs. Tom Clark, Miss Clark, and a great many others.

On Thursday next, Mrs. Kemp, of Castle Frank, will give a tea for the debut of her last daughter, Miss Hazel Kemp, a very beautiful girl, and one already popular with a large circle.

Mrs. Andrew Darling, Sussex Court, has returned from a long visit to relatives in New York.

A very pretty dinner was given on Thursday of last week by Lady Mortimer Clark in honor of the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. James Macdonald, who returned from their wedding tour last week. Several other dinners have been given by the same generous hostess, whose various duties, and all the busy affairs of moving back to her home in Wellington street do not seem to interfere with hospitality. Government House is now exquisitely spic and span for its coming mistress, the departing chatelaine taking the keenest pride and pleasure in its perfect condition, as might be expected from such a mistress of domestic art.

I was in error in stating that Colonel and Mrs. Merritt were occupying their house in Bloor street east. It appears they have no intention of so doing, and will travel abroad this winter.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed sailed from New York by the Minnehaha on Friday, for England.

Mrs. Dick McGaw, Crescent road, is spending some weeks in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir returned from their wedding trip on Sunday.

Mrs. W. J. Dobbie, (nee James), will hold her post-nuptial reception next Tuesday, Oct. 27, afternoon and evening, at Glenwyld, near Weston.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, and the Misses Ethel and Grace Mackenzie have sailed for England. Mrs. James Plummer has arrived from England. Miss Plummer and the fair debutantes will follow as soon as Sylvan Tower is ready to receive them.

A short and very good programme of songs was given on Saturday in the Strollers' Studio, under the direction of Mr. Dixon. I hear a change in the club's quarters is on the tapis, and that commodious rooms in Bay street near King have been selected. To get off the trolley line will be a great advantage, as it seems as though the cars just wait until a singer is in the most piano and expressive phrase of the song to come crashing by in both directions.

Mr. Percy Waldie went up to London on Saturday to act as best man for Mr. Frank Hobbs on his marriage to Miss Helen Marshall, which was a smart social event.

Miss Bertha Adams' coming out dance will be given by her parents at McConkey's on Nov. 6.

Mrs. Hood, Spadina avenue, gave a small tea on Monday. Mrs. Blaikie gave a tea last week. Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald, of Winnipeg, is giving a tea to present her niece, Miss Elaine Machray.

Lord Milner, who arrived in town at midweek, has been domiciled at the Alexandra. Various entertainments and honors have been offered him since his arrival.

Mr. Walker Bell, R.C.D., won the Hunt Club cup at the point-to-point races on Saturday.

Captain Sweny is visiting his people at Rohallion; he is home on leave from India.

Universal sorrow and regret met the news of Mrs. J. A. Paterson's fatal accident on Friday, and her death on the following afternoon, though not unexpected, was keenly deplored. She had so many interests, and was so thoroughly faithful and useful in their advancement, that philanthropic, artistic and church circles will feel her loss very much. Since their only daughter's marriage, and the departure of one of their sons to follow the calling he had chosen, and the other to reap the benefit of his abilities as a Rhodes scholar in England, Mr. and Mrs. Paterson had given up their house in

Walmer road and taken a flat in Spadina Gardens. On the occasion of the lamentable casualty which resulted so sadly, Mrs. Paterson was taken to the General Hospital, where everything possible was done by skilled surgeons and nurses for her benefit, but in vain. Her remains were interred on Monday, and her friends are finding it difficult to realize that so bright, active and valuable a woman has been suddenly snatched from her life work, while the warmest sympathy is felt for her family in this shock and sorrow.

Last Saturday was an ideal day for the point-to-point races arranged by the Toronto Hunt Club on the Munro farm, Kingston road. Everyone was on hand betimes, and very much enjoyed the sport. Lady Augusta Fane, who is visiting the Master at Chudleigh, presented the prizes.

On next Thursday afternoon, Oct. 29, Mrs. Arthur Spragge is giving a bridge party at the English Inn, and has asked a few friends to tea as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clover sailed on Saturday for England.

Mrs. Acland, of Ottawa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. MacIntosh, 142 Avenue road.

Mrs. Fenton Arnton's Reading Club met for the first time this season on October 20, at eleven o'clock. George Meredith, Bernard Shaw, Ibsen and Maeterlinck are the authors to be considered at the fourteen meetings of the club. Particulars can be had from Mrs. Arnton, at Sussex Court. I believe some of the latest novels are to be also under discussion.

A whisper has reached me of the engagement of a Toronto lady, whose family name is known from ocean to ocean, to an out of town man, and the lady says the whisper is quite true.

Three brides were receiving in and near St. George street last week. Mrs. Brooke held her post-nuptial reception in her mother's apartment at Sussex Court, and everything was bright and cosy there—crimson roses on the table, and three sweet bridesmaids and two charming young matrons, Mrs. Baynes Reed and Mrs. Russell Brown matronizing them in the tea room. In St. George street Mrs. Charles Clover was receiving heaps of friends in her girlhood home, where her mother, Mrs. Bell, and her four bridesmaids assisted, and where Mr. Clover, a most delightful Englishman, bravely faced the ladies and proved to be a host, even among strangers. At Iverholm Mrs. Laybowne, the gallant Major's English bride, was called upon by many friends glad to welcome her to Toronto, where she will shortly receive in her own cosy home. From what everyone is telling me, she will be a great acquisition to society.

Mrs. Alec Mackenzie and her two little ones, with Mrs. Kirkland and Miss Blanche Miles, are leaving next week for England, and will remain abroad for some time. The families of Kirkland and Miles are bound by a friendship of many years' standing, the late Julius P. Miles having been groomsmen at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland.

The marriage of Mr. John Macdonald Fahey, of Toronto, son of Captain W. Fahey, of 31 Willcocks street, and Miss Ida Winnifred Lugin, daughter of Mr. C. H. Lugin, of Victoria, B.C., was recently celebrated in the latter city, the ceremony taking place in St. John's church, Rev. J. H. S. Sweet, assisted by Rev. Percival Jenks and Rev. George Wilson, officiating. Mr. John Merritt, of Vancouver, was best man. Miss Lugin was maid of honor, and the Misses Louise and Nora Lugin were bridesmaids. Three little flower-girls were Harriet and Leonora McCurdy and Phyllis Barton. The service was fully choral, the choir leading the bride's procession. Mr. and Mrs. Fahey went to Vancouver and the Mountains for their honeymoon, and will make their home in Toronto, where the bride, on account of her talent for music, lovely voice and other attractions, will be as great a favorite as she is in the West. Captain and Mrs. Fahey went West for their son's marriage and returned to Toronto early this week.

The marriage of Mr. Harry K. Patterson, eldest son of Mr. R. L. Patterson, of Todmorden, and Miss Sascha Young, daughter of Mr. S. Peter Young, of Jefferson avenue, Niagara Falls, N.Y., was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents on Thursday, October 15. Many Torontonians will recall the sojourn of Miss Young in Toronto some years ago, when she and her parents were here for some months, and the strikingly handsome daughter was one of the belles of the season. Mr. Young was at one time the United States Minister at Moscow. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson are home from their honeymoon, and will reside in Toronto.

Mrs. Gordon Taylor will hold her postnuptial reception on Thursday, October 29, at her home, 60 Woodlawn avenue.

Mrs. Duckworth held her postnuptial receptions on Tuesday and Wednesday in the Dean's residence in Trinity College, the rooms so long occupied by the late Professor Jones and his niece, Miss Strachan. Mrs. Duckworth received in her wedding gown, a softly draped *crepe de soie*, and was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Hunt of Brantford, who came to town this week. A great many people called on the new lady of Trinity, and both old and new friends found her cordial, self-possessed and charming.

Master Ronald Calderwood, son and heir of Mr. Hugh Calderwood, was host of a birthday party on Wednesday, at which the guests were all of tender years.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright gave a luncheon at her club on Tuesday to a number of young matrons of the University set. Mrs. Falconer was among the guests.

Many "by-by" little functions are being given for Mrs. Magann before she leaves for the winter abroad. At each modish gathering the lovely guest of honor looks so bright and happy that it is difficult to believe she can know the meaning of indisposition.

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## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

## BIRTHS.

WILLIAMSON—At 114 Spencer Ave., Toronto, Oct. 17, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williamson, a daughter.

FRASER—At 41 Empress Crescent, Toronto, Oct. 15, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fraser, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

EDWARDS—FEATHERSTON—At Drumquinn, Ont., Oct. 14, 1908, Gertrude L. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Featherston, to R. G. Edwards, M.D., of Brampton.

STUART—GIBSON—At Barniken, Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland, Oct. 9, 1908, by Rev. Peter Wilson, M.A., Jean Agnes, daughter of the late Alexander L. Gibson, of Goderich, formerly of Wrochester, to James Stuart, C.E., Glasgow.

QUA—PATERSON—At the home of the bride's parents, 519 Dovercourt road, Toronto, Oct. 17, 1908, by Rev. Jas. S. Broughall, M.A., Helen Cornelia, daughter of Col. N. F. Paterson, to Edward Francis Qua, of Toronto.

LEGGAT—GILLARD—At Christ's church Cathedral, Hamilton, Oct. 20, 1908, by Rev. Canon Almon Abbott, M.A., Annie Cordelia, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Gillard, of Hamilton, to Matthew Hendrie Leggat, of Vancouver, B.C., son of Matthew Leggat, Esq., Hamilton.

## DEATHS.

MAY—In Toronto, Oct. 20, 1908, Samuel Passmore May, M.D., in his 80th year.

KAAKE—In Toronto, Oct. 18, 1908, Ethel Gertrude Kaake, wife of J. C. Lanson, and daughter of the late James Kaake, of Roach's Point, Ont., in her 26th year.

PATERSON—In Toronto, Oct. 17, 1908, Christina Dick, wife of John A. Paterson, K.C.

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## SOCIETY

THE home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Edwards, Aldersyde, Cannington, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday, October 14, at 4 o'clock, when the marriage was solemnized of their daughter, Ethel Matilda, and Rev. D. M. Martin, of Bolton, in the presence of immediate relatives. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Martin, of Exeter, brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. Malcolm McKinnon, of Woodbridge, brother-in-law of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore an Empire gown of Princess lace over satin, with tulle veil arranged over wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of bride's roses and lily of the valley, her only ornament being a diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. While the register was being signed, Mr. Plank, of Lorneville, sang "O Perfect Love." Mr. and Mrs. Martin left on the afternoon train, the bride wearing a smartly tailored suit of navy blue, with touches of green, plaid silk blouse and hat of castor felt. The honeymoon will be spent in New York and Atlantic City.

Mrs. Nesbitt and Mrs. Crompton are home from Europe.

Mrs. James Macdonald (nee Denistown) received on Thursday and yesterday afternoons at her new home, 320 St. George street.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth is visiting friends in town.

A pretty house wedding took place in Montreal on Wednesday afternoon, October 14, at the residence of the bride's mother, 45 Shuter street, when Miss Ethel Grace Jardine, only daughter of Mrs. R. L. Jardine, was married to Mr. Robert F. Dettmers. The drawing-room was effectively decorated for the occasion with palms, ferns, and pink and white chrysanthemums, the bridal party standing under a bell of white mums. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Wm. T. Jardine, was gown in white messaline silk, over chiffon taffeta. She wore the wedding veil of the groom's mother, surmounted by a wreath of orange blossoms and white heather, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. She was attended by the groom's sister, Miss Vivian Dettmers, who was in white point d'esprit over pink taffeta, with presentation veil, and carrying a bouquet of pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. John Russell. The Rev. James Fleck, of Knox College, officiated.

After the ceremony a reception was held, and later Mr. and Mrs. Dettmers left on a trip to New York, the bride travelling in a tailored costume of brown broadcloth, with brown hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Dettmers will reside in Montreal.

Mount Everest of the Himalayas is the highest mountain peak in the world, being over 29,000 feet high. The 18,000,000 packets representing one year's output of "Salada" Tea would, if placed end to end, produce a pyramid 5,600,000 feet in height, or 193 times higher than the highest mountain in the world. Can you grasp the magnitude of the demand for "Salada" Tea?

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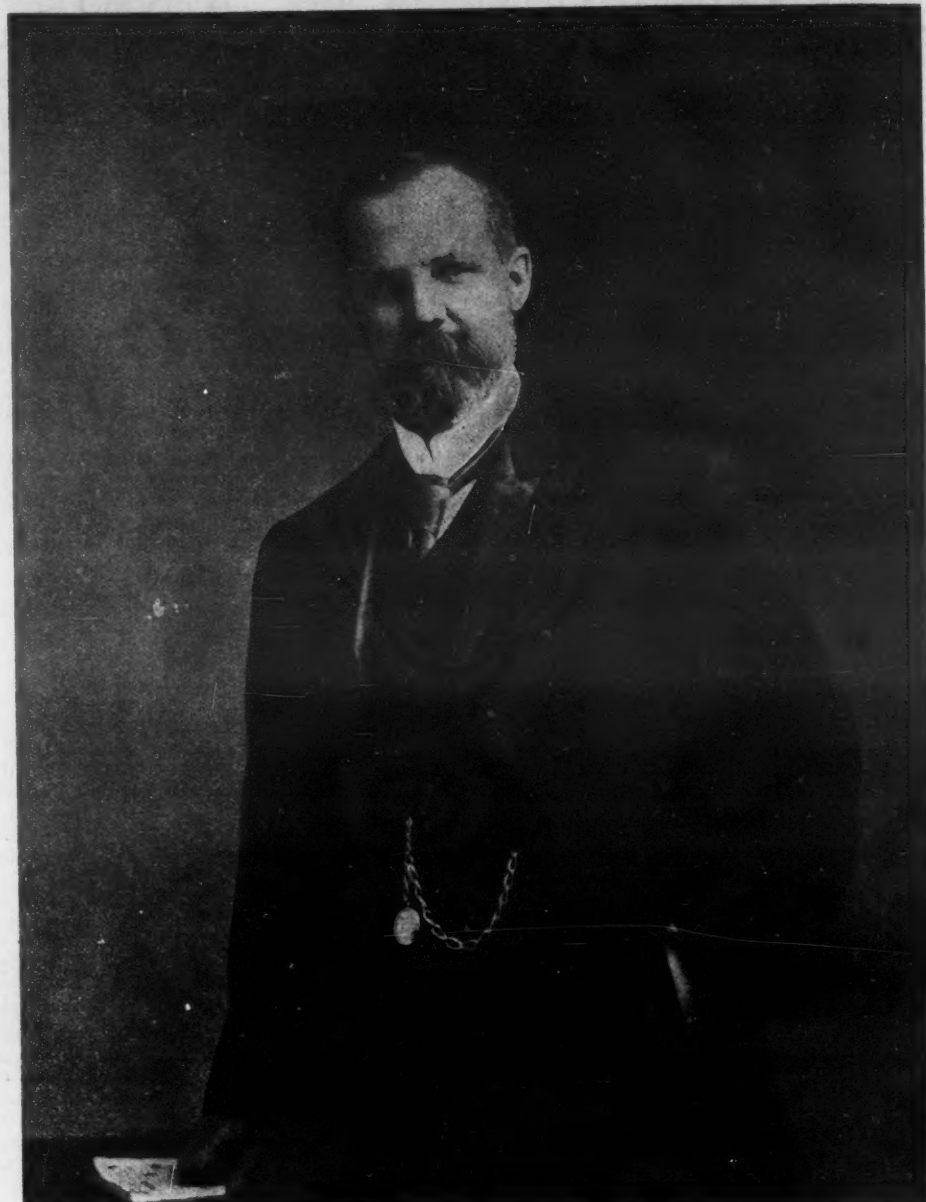
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The Sheffield Choir, two hundred in number, will soon be here, and our public can judge for themselves. The concerts take place at Massey Hall on November 5, 6 and 7.



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## Society at the Capital

ST. GEORGE'S church was, on Monday afternoon, thronged with an interested crowd of spectators, the majority being young people, who had assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Isobel Mary White, fourth daughter of Lieut.-Col. Fred White, Comptroller of the North West Mounted Police, to Mr. Harry Peck, of Goldfield, Nevada, son of Mrs. James Peck, of Undermount, Montreal.

The wedding was of a very quiet nature, the invitations having been limited to relatives of both families, and Rev. J. M. Snowden, the rector, assisted by Rev. E. C. Burch, officiated. The full choir was present, and preceded the bridal party to the altar, singing the wedding march from Lohengrin. Beautiful palms, ferns and glorious posies of white chrysanthemums had been artistically arranged round the altar and chancel by the bride's young friends, who were there in large numbers.

The bride, who is the third daughter Col. White has been called upon to "give away" within the last few years, wore her travelling costume, a tailored suit of navy blue broadcloth, most becoming to her fair complexion, and fashioned in Directoire effect. The coat opened over a dainty lace blouse, and a large picture hat, trimmed with plumes and velvet of a lighter shade, was particularly becoming and contrasted perfectly with the lovely golden hair of the bride.

Miss Dorothy White, younger sister of the bride, and Miss Elsie Cotton, a bosom friend, were the only attendants, and both were smartly gowned in tailored suits of golden brown broadcloth with cream lace blouses and hats trimmed with autumn foliage and erect wings. The groom's brother, Mr. Bauman Peck, of Montreal, was best man.

After the ceremony a reception at Col. White's residence, in Besserer street, occupied a short time and included, besides the relatives of bride and groom, a few of the bride's nearest friends, who were invited informally to say *au revoir* to their favorite companion. Mr. and Mrs. Peck went away on the 4.30 train to Montreal and from there will go on to the Adirondacks to spend a honeymoon of a fortnight. They will, however, return to the Capital for a short time before leaving for their future home in Goldfield, Nevada.

A VERY jolly wind-up to the wedding-day was a dinner at the Golf Club, when twenty young people were entertained by the three brothers of the bride, Mr. Fred, Mr. Louis and Mr. Donald White. The table decorations were unique and artistic, being carried out in maple leaves in their glorious autumnal tints, and pale pink carnations in crystal vases, surrounding tall and luxuriant palms. After dinner a dance was much enjoyed.

ANOTHER interesting event of the week was a house wedding, which took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barnett MacLaren, in Nepean street, when the bride was Mrs. MacLaren's pretty young cousin, Miss Helen Nadine Robertson, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Robertson and Mrs. Robertson (the latter of whom is now residing in New York), the groom being Mr. James McNairn Hall, son of the late Mr. Francis A. Hall and Mrs. Hall, of Perth, Ont.

Rev. W. T. Herridge, of St. Andrew's church, performed the ceremony, and only the immediate relatives and a few friends of the bride and groom were present. The floral decorations were especially lovely, the mantels being banked with foliage and pink roses, while the bow window was converted into a bower of greenery with large clusters of feathery white 'mums.

The bridal procession was led by three pretty little flower girls, cousins of the bride, the Misses Mary Maclean, Laura and Marian Macdougall, daintily attired in white with pink sashes and hair-bows and carrying baskets of pink rosebuds. Next came the maid of honor, Miss Mary Rundle, gowned most becomingly in pink *crepe de chine* and carrying a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley.

The graceful bride followed, looking the perfection of girlish beauty, in an Empire gown of white Irish lace over satin, the conventional filmy veil and chaplet of orange blossoms suiting her dark coiffure admirably.

Two sturdy little sons of the house, Tommy and Lorne MacLaren, in white sailor suits made most fetching little pages and followed the bride. Mr. Fred Hall, of Perth,



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acted as best man for his brother.

After a dainty *dejeuner*, at which all good wishes were showered on the happy young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hall left on the afternoon train for Montreal, and, on the termination of the honeymoon, will proceed to Haileybury, where Mr. Hall is a partner in the law firm of McDougall and Hall.

The bride's going away costume was of navy blue cloth, with which she wore a parg blue velvet hat trimmed with graceful ostrich plumes. Mrs. Kenny, of Calumet, aunt of the bride, with whom for the past several years the latter has resided, and also the bride's mother, Mrs. Robertson, of New York, assisted Mrs. MacLaren in her various duties as

hostess on the happy occasion. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl necklace and pendant, and the maid of honor was presented by him with a pendant of amethysts and pearls.

ONE of our many charming brides of last spring, Mrs. C. K. Graham (nee Malloch) held her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday, in

her pretty new home in Vittoria street. Her elder sister, Mrs. Grindlay, of Montreal, came to town especially to be with her, thus adding an extra pleasure to Mrs. Graham's many visitors.

The artistically arranged rooms were made doubly attractive by the loveliest of pale mauve and white 'mums, which were placed about the

mantel, tables, etc.

Mrs. Graham wore a lovely gown of creamy lace over pink silk and Mrs. Grindlay was in pale blue. Mrs. Louis Coutlee, aunt of the bride, poured tea and was assisted by Miss Helen Coutlee, Miss Otilie Fellowes, the Misses Kittson and Miss Mildred Macpherson.

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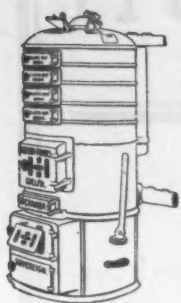
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- 370. Holy Orders.—Marie Corelli.
- 369. The Man from Brodney's.—George Barr McCutcheon.
- 363. Peter.—P. Hopkins and Smith.
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## Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

A NOVEL that is a novel has just appeared from the masterly pen of Stanley J. Weyman. It is "The Wild Geese," a story of Ireland in the days of George I. The reader is made to feel the truth of the story and the reality of the characters who move in it, and revived are the delights of earlier days, when one was first introduced to the Irishmen of Charles Lever. "The Wild Geese" are, of course, those Irishmen who, deprived of civil rights at home, served in the foreign wars, and hoped and plotted for the return of the Stuarts. The state of Ireland at the time of the story is feelingly stated by the author at the opening of one of his early chapters, after an outburst by the heroine.

"A candid Englishman must own, and deplore the fact," he says, "that Flavia McMurrough's tears were due to the wrongs of her country. Broken by three great wars waged by three successive generations, defeated in the last of three desperate struggles for liberty, Ireland at this period lay like a woman swooning at the feet of her captors. Nor were these minded that she should rise again quickly, or in her natural force. The mastery which they had won by the sword the English were resolved to keep by the law."

"They were determined that the Irishman of the old faith should cease to exist; or if he endured, should be *meine*, no one. Confined to hell or Connaught, he must not even in the latter possess ordinary rights. He must not will his own lands or buy new lands. If his son, more sensible than he, 'went over,' the father sank into a mere life-tenant, bound to furnish a handsome allowance, and to leave all to the Protestant heir. He might not marry a Protestant, he might not keep a school, nor follow the liberal professions. The priest who confessed him was banished if known, and hanged if he returned. In a country of sportsmen he might not own a fowling-piece, nor a horse worth more than five pounds; and in days when every gentleman carried a sword by his side, he must not wear one. Finally, his country grew but one article of great value—wool; and that he must not make into cloth, but he must sell it to England at England's price—which was one-fifth of the continental price. Was it wonderful that, such being Ireland's status, every Roman Catholic of spirit sought fortune abroad; that the wild geese, as they were called, went and came unchecked; or that every inlet in Galway, Clare and Kerry swarmed with smugglers, who ran in under the green flag with brandy and claret, and, running out again with wool, laughed to scorn England's boast that she ruled the waves?"

The plot of the story is a most interesting one and worked out with all the skill that Weyman has so well displayed in his earlier works. Captain Sullivan, the hero, is a Protestant among Roman Catholic relatives, but burning in him is a resentment of the disabilities imposed on his kin for adhering to the faith of their family. But he, experienced in war, had no mind to see his relatives go to ruin by making a

futile rising in their obscure corner of the kingdom. He prevents the rising by decisive action, and by his coolness and character throughout endears himself to the reader.

It is a fine story, finely told, and one regrets to hear the announcement that Mr. Weyman intends this to be his last novel. Published by the Copp-Clark Co., Toronto.

A collection of Henry Van Dyke's essays has just been published in very attractive form by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York. The volume is entitled "Counsels by the Way," and includes "Ships and Havens," "The Poetry of the Psalms," "Joy and Power," "The Battle of Life," and "The Good Old Way," essays which have had previous publication in booklet form.

"Counsels by the Way" will serve a most useful purpose. People nowadays do not do as much essay-reading as they might. The average reader is not likely to have the works of the great essayists on his modest bookshelves; and public libraries of various sorts do not circulate such volumes to any great extent. But such a volume as Dr. Van Dyke's, the work of a modern writer whose name is widely known by readers of current periodicals, will probably fall into many hands, to be read with profit and something of an uplift. Dr. Van Dyke is not a great essayist, but he is one of the best of the present day. The style of his pen is simple and flowing. He writes always with good taste, and, being a man of a very high type, his character shines through his writing, which always points the reader on to cheerful optimism and worthy self-development. The author has never been considered a maker of epigrams, but there are many utterances in his essays that stick in the mind. For instance: "There is many a man who stands upright only because the pressure of the crowd makes it inconvenient for him to stoop."

I have said that Dr. Van Dyke is not a great essayist, but he has read the great essayists. He is one of the last men in the world to be accused of plagiarism, but at least one paragraph in "Ships and Havens" is reminiscent. It runs:

"When death has dropped the curtain we shall hear no more applause. And though we fondly dream that it will continue after we have left the stage, we do not realize how quickly it will die away in silence, while the audience turns to look at the new actor and the next scene. Our position in society will be filled as soon as it is vacated, and our name remembered only for a moment—except, please God, by a few who have learned to love us, not because of fame, but because we have helped them and done them some good."

Robert Louis Stevenson, you will remember, wrote:

"We uncommiserate, pass into the night from the land banquet, and, departing, leave a tremor in men's memories faint and sweet and frail as music. Features of our face, the tones of the voice, the touch of the loved hand perish and vanish one by one from earth. Meanwhile in the hall of song the multitude applauds the new performer. One, perchance, one ultimate survivor lingers on, and smiles, and to his ancient heart recalls the long forgotten. Ere the morrow come, he too, returning through the curtain goes. And the new age forgets us and goes on."

Exquisite as the Stevensonian utterance is there are probably many will get more good from Dr. Van Dyke's plain, unadorned expression of the same thought.

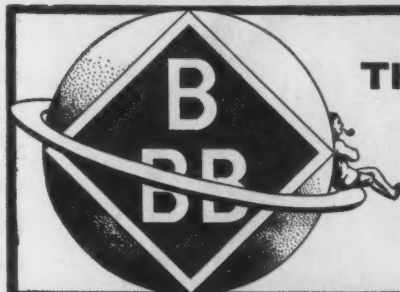
The Canadian Magazine for October is an excellent issue, the features for the month being more than usually varied and attractive. Goldwin Smith has an article on "War." Rev. J. Paterson Smith has the second of a series of articles on "Gospel of the Hereafter." Arnold Haultain has contributed "A Mystery Play," a bit of delicate fancy such as one seldom finds in a Canadian magazine. George F. Chapman writes on an interesting subject, "Government Ownership in the West," and E. F. B. Johnston has an article on "Art and the Work of Archibald Browne." Frank Veigh contributes an interesting travel story. There are good stories and several excellent pieces of verse, and the standard of the departments is well maintained. The number is strong, too, in the matter of illustration.

"The Wheel of Fortune," by Louis Tracy (McLeod & Allen, Toronto), is a story of adventure in search of treasure buried two thousand years ago in the deserts of Arabia. It is a most exciting story and just the book to read when one wants to forget everything else. If the author would conquer his weakness for telling the reader that the hero "little thought that within a few hours the whole current of his life would change," the reader would have nothing to complain of. In his previous stories he formed this habit, and clings to it. Why should an author anticipate in that way? However, those who like a lively and interesting story will like this one.

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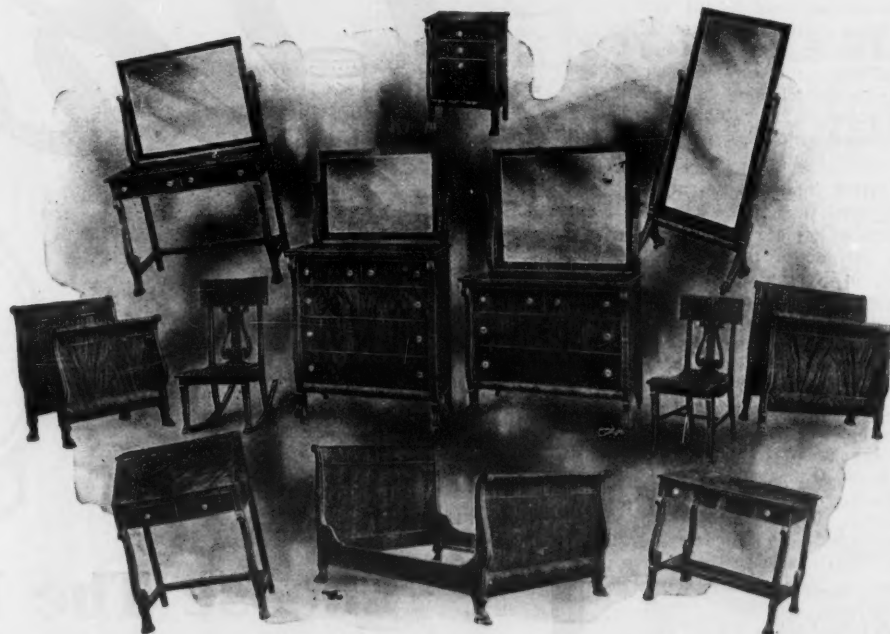


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The Literary World; London, Eng. "Dr. Rand's collection is one that will delight the lover of poetry, whatever his nationality. The work may safely be said to contain the cream of Canadian verse."

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